

# COUNTRY LIFE

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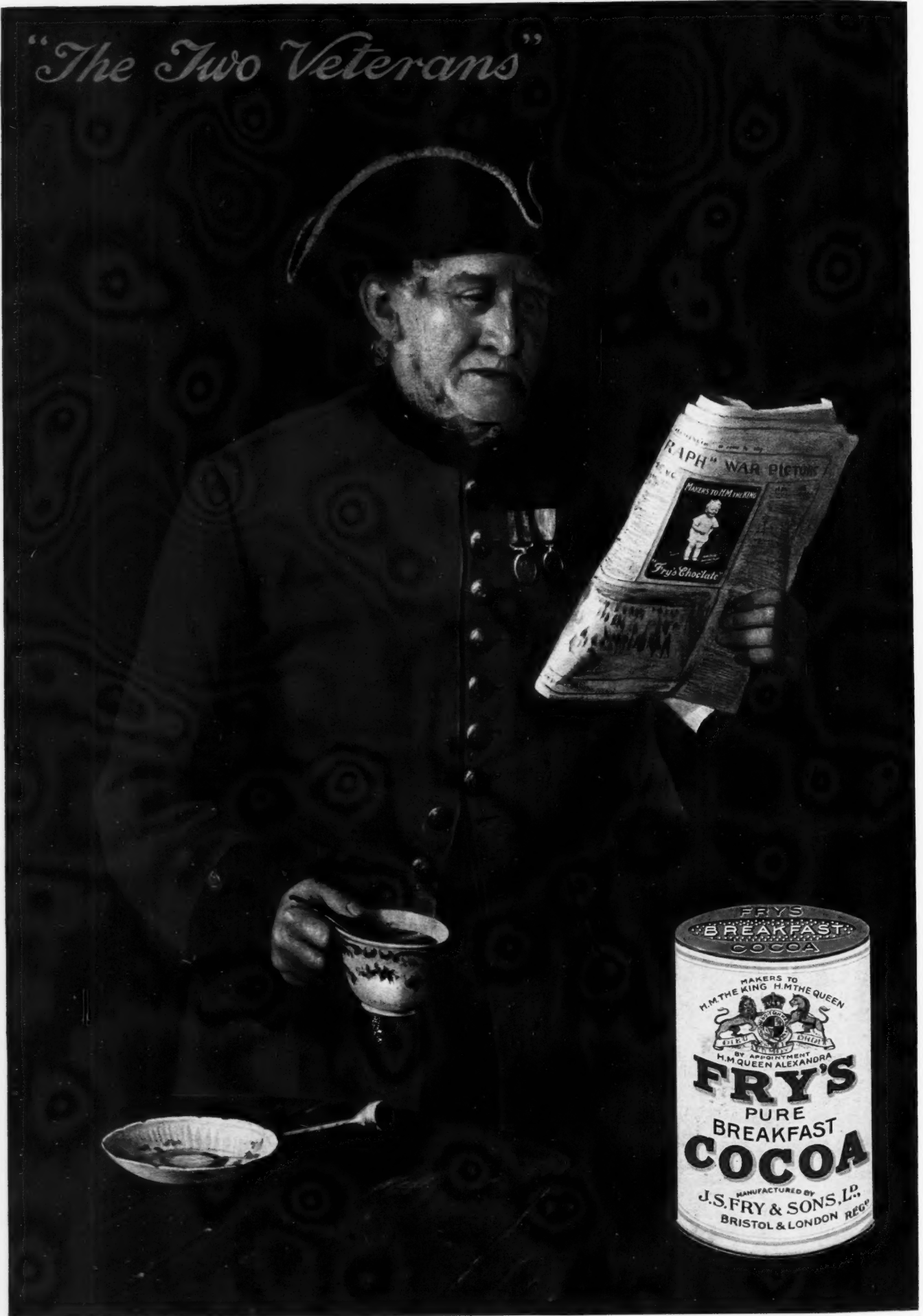
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## AN APPRECIATION OF RUSSIA

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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KETURAH-COLLINGS.

MRS. N. MOURAVIEFF-APOSTOL.

73, Park Street, W.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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\* \* With this issue we publish a Coloured Supplement illustrating the Kremlin and Church of Vasil Blagoy, from a Painting by W. Walcott.

## A SEQUEL TO THE RUSSIAN ALLIANCE

ONE of our contributors to this issue traces the birth and growth of the British alliance with Russia. Our next step is to strengthen and cement it so that the friendship may endure long after the fulfilment of its immediate purpose. No lesson of the war is clearer than that which shows mutual distrust between professed friends to be a mistaken and costly policy. Distrust of Russia led us to support Turkey, the most retrograde of nations and one that even while this war is going on has resorted to massacre as a method of Government. A great deal has been heard and said about the Turks fighting like gentlemen at Gallipoli, but this has

been by no means an ordinary characteristic even in this warfare. At any rate there is not one among the Slav nations liberated by Russia during the last four centuries that has not felt the iron heel of Turkish misrule. The "Unspeakable Turk" should have been turned out of Europe long ago and would have been if it had not been a tradition among English statesmen to regard Constantinople as guarding the road to India and to believe that successive Ministers of the Czar kept alive a Russian ambition to seize "the brightest jewel in the English Crown." How that feeling was dissipated and how the understanding substituted was eventually followed by the present alliance is told by H. Semenov in another part of the paper.

Now, it is not going too far to say that peace after the war is closed will largely depend on the maintenance and strengthening of that bond. Two nations could not be found who are more likely to work in harmony. It is not open to dispute that nowadays the most likely cause of quarrel between two nations is a clash of material interests. Between Russia and Great Britain it need never occur. In all human probability the war will leave Russia the greatest Land Power in the world; Britain the greatest Sea Power. There is no reason why they should not permanently retain that relative position. Russians cannot avoid being what one of them good-humouredly called land-lubbers. They have a very small coast line in comparison with the size of Russia, while we are surrounded by a much indented coast set with innumerable towns and fishing villages, each of which is by Nature a breeding and training place of seamen. Russia has no need for colonies. It will take her ages to settle closely her vast areas in Central Asia and to make the agriculture of her wide homeland at all equal to that of the more advanced European countries. Russia's future task is well defined. It is to develop her own unlimited resources. Her danger is that of turning into a new United States, with the consequent push and go, hustle, bustle, wealth, dollar-worship, and materialism. On the principle that candour in regard to objects and ambitions is the corner stone of lasting national friendships, we have induced a distinguished Russian to explain what Constantinople means to him and his countrymen. He makes out a strong case, and it will be for our statesmen to consider what harm will be done to this country by carrying out the object for which our Ally is fighting. Neither Russia nor Great Britain entered the war for territorial gain. They acted on the defensive as surely as France did so. France had no intention of going to war for the sake of recovering the provinces lost in 1870; but if the Allies emerge victoriously, France will most properly demand the return of Alsace and Lorraine. Britain sought no new gains, but Turkey's entry into the fight obliged her to bring Egypt formally into the British Empire. It is not imaginable that the Allies will invite future trouble by allowing Germany to resume possession of the colonies wrested from her in warfare. Russia took up a ms most reluctantly, but having done so, she will gratify a four hundred years old ambition. Nor is it possible to deny that control of the Straits and the Bosphorus is practically necessary to Russia. They command ingress and egress to and from the Black Sea, and Russia has had a sharp lesson both as to the military and commercial importance of this.

When Frederick Greenwood induced Disraeli to buy the Suez Canal Shares he made a change in England's Eastern Policy inevitable. The position then formed is strengthened by the acquisition of Egypt. Great Britain may now frankly acquiesce in the realisation of Russian hopes. No Germany of the future ought to be able to calculate on discord arising between Russia, France and Great Britain.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. N. Mouravieff-Apostol, wife of the Chamberlain of the Russian Court. Mr. and Mrs. Mouravieff-Apostol have just presented to the British nation a hospital for wounded British officers, which they are themselves organising and managing. The hospital is under the high patronage of the Dowager-Empress of Russia. The house, 8, South Audley Street, was the residence of Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield. It is to be opened on the day on which this number is issued

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY



## NOTES

OUR first Russian Number is presented to our readers when all are listening to the roar of big guns—gallant soldiers actually, non-combatants almost as acutely with the mental ear born of a living sympathy. It will not be less welcome because born in the throes of war. National friendships, like personal friendships, are deepened by sharing the same risks. The battle of the Allies is our battle, and we are all united in a common cause. General Brusiloff's men and the men of Sir Douglas Haig are fighting the same foe for the same object. Whatever helps to make the Allies more intimately known to one another is therefore of value at this time. It would be unjust to the brilliant contributors of both nations to say the object is not at least partly achieved in these pages; to achieve it with completeness would require not pages, but volumes. Russia is a very great, many-sided nation, and will always possess inexhaustible interest. We owe our warmest thanks to the band of distinguished and brilliant Russians who in collaboration with our own contributors have imparted to this number whatever merits it may possess.

WE must leave the various articles to speak for themselves.

If we single out one for special mention, it is only because the subject has a very special interest for readers of COUNTRY LIFE. The account of Stolypin's land reform, which is given on page 474, cannot fail to attract attention at a time when our own agrarian policy is being re-fashioned in the furnace. A country like Great Britain, however, cannot work on the immense scale of Russia. Stolypin's Act for substituting private ownership for communal ownership is less than ten years old, and yet it has had the effect of causing 36,000,000 acres of land to be redistributed; 2,000,000 new farms have sprung into being in various parts of Russia, and 2,000,000 new private landowners have been created. If success can be judged by results, this is success indeed.

GENERAL DOUKHOVETZKY gives a very clear account of the way in which opinion swayed hither and thither before Stolypin's plan was adopted. In Russia, as in other parts of the world, there were extremists who advocated strong measures. Several of their attempts came to grief because the Members of the Duma could not agree as to the scale on which land should be paid. The plan adopted was really one of those compromises which are of the very essence of practical politics. The change from communal to private ownership will remind students of land reform in this country of the enormous number of Acts of Parliament passed in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries for the purpose of securing the enclosure of land previously held in common. The comparison must not be pressed too closely, as the previous history of tenure had not been similar in the two countries. Still, there is enough in it to show that Russia has taken a great step forward, one that will provide a livelihood to millions of people and at the same time increase the national wealth by adding to the productiveness of the land.

ONE of the most interesting and pathetic figures standing out like some fine picture amid the horrors of war is that of the aged Empress Eugenie. She is ninety years old, and is still taking a very active interest in the hospital for British officers at her house, Farnborough Hill. No doubt the Empress is full of memories of the war of 1870, which she went through with her husband, and she studies the reports of the present conflict very closely. But her chief occupation is found in attending to the patients. Every morning she calls at the hospital with books and parcels to amuse the wounded, and shows the greatest solicitude lest they should not obtain the maximum amount of sun and the minimum of cold wind in the revolving huts which she has had put up for them. Surely the historian of the future, when he comes to describe the state of England during the war, will find in the aged Empress a theme of lasting and picturesque interest. As no one else does she binds the two wars into episodes in a single drama.

IT seems likely that the Parliamentary session opened on Tuesday will differ very materially from those that have gone before. The war has raised a great many new questions which will have to be studied and discussed. One of the most important is that of recruiting in Ireland. It seems to be weak and unfair that while the rest of the British Islands are submitting to conscription, the Irish should be allowed to escape its net. This is a difficulty which cries out for bold and decided treatment. A very great deal of attention will have to be given to increasing the Army, and it is said that the intention of the Government is to take a large number of fit men from occupations that are necessary to the existence of the country, but could be carried on by men unfit for military service. Pensions and relief funds will demand a great deal of attention, and on the top of that comes a demand for a reform of the Franchise, a new system of registration, an improved method of election, a redistribution of seats. Although it is semi-officially said that reform will come up in this way, we can scarcely believe that Ministers will allow the question to be seriously debated until a decision has been arrived at on the field of battle. We must make the best of our institutions as they are at the present time without attempting to change them in the very heat of the crisis, when all the best energy of the country is devoted to military ends.

## PRESAGE.

The year declines and yet there is  
A clearness, as of hinted spring,  
And chilly, like a virgin's kiss,  
The cold light touches everything.

The world seems dazed with purity,  
There hangs, this crystal afternoon,  
Beyond the naked cherry tree  
The new-wrought sickle of the moon.

What is this thralldom, pale and still,  
That holds so passionless a sway?  
Lies death in this ethereal chill,  
New life, or prelude of decay?

In the frail rapture of the sky  
There bodes, transfigured, far aloof,  
The veil that hides eternity  
With life for warp and death for woof.

We see the presage—not with eyes,  
But dimly, with the shrinking soul—  
Scarce guessing, in this fateful guise,  
The glory that enwraps the whole.

The light no flesh may apprehend,  
Lent but to spirit-eyes, to give  
Sign of that splendour of the end  
That none may look upon and live.

VIOLET JACOB.

IN forwarding to farmers the decision of the Army Council to concede to them the weeks of grace between now and Christmas the President of the Board of Agriculture gives a serious warning. He exhorts the farmers to "strain every nerve to prepare for changes which may become necessary during January and April, 1917." To this he adds the advice that they should neglect no possible means of replacing the men who may be lost later on either with women or old men. In other words, the duty of the farmer is no

longer to think how many men he can manage to get off military duty, but what men he can do without. We all know that the business of raising food in war-time is both important and very difficult, but it has to be solved in Continental countries, and every endeavour should be made to do so here without making any undue call upon men who are fit for military service. The great object to strive for is to shorten the war as much as possible, and the only feasible means of doing so is to continue putting men and still more men into khaki.

IN taking this attitude the President of the Board of Agriculture was following strictly upon the lines laid down by General Robertson in a speech delivered to his old Lincolnshire friends a few days ago. In the present aspect of the war General Robertson sees ground for high confidence. At any rate, he says we can all regard the situation without anxiety. Now, he is a man of few words, one whose voice has been heard very little on public platforms—in fact, he is almost as silent as Sir John Jellicoe—but when he speaks he does so with weight and authority. His encouraging phrases were accompanied with stern advice which will prevent them leading to over-confidence. We have arrived at a better position simply because the country has vastly increased the number of men under arms and the munitions necessary to warfare; to stop at this point would be to court ultimate disaster. Sir William's warning should be taken to heart by every citizen of the Empire. Instead of relaxing, he calls for "a great tightening up." In order to win this war, "we want men, more men; we want them now, and in due course we shall want all men who can be spared." In saying this he is showing employers of labour their great responsibility. It is for them not to seek ingenious excuses for obtaining exemptions, but to associate themselves heart and soul with the purpose of the Government.

A LADY correspondent writes: "Could you possibly say anything in your Editorial in contradiction of a foolish and totally misleading article on this subject (Women on the Land) in the September *Blackwood's Magazine*? This article is wrong in respects which would be apparent to any intelligent reader, and it also contains unjust statements regarding educated women on the land; nevertheless, it seems to have attracted considerable attention and to have been commented on in some of the newspapers. COUNTRY LIFE would be the first class authority on this subject if only you had room for a few words about it." We have read the article in question. Like most things in *Blackwood*, it is clever and entertaining. Probably that is why "Old Ebony" printed it. In its way it is a good reason. All the same, our correspondent is right in protesting against the false impression it is calculated to produce. Miss Walshe, the writer, may for all we know be recounting her own experience with veracity. If so, she is an exception to the rule. As has been described in our pages over and over again, educated women are not only doing splendid work in many parts of rural England—Yorkshire, for example—but they are in keen demand by the farmers. We have first hand knowledge on the subject, but anyone who wishes details can turn up COUNTRY LIFE for June 24th of this year and read the article there which, though anonymous, was written by one of the chief organisers.

BRITISH farmers have now increased opportunities for learning how land can be improved. The classic example is that shown by Professor Somerville at Poverty Bottom, where by a judicious use of basic slag he turned the hitherto unpropitious downland into a remunerative farm. The very same thing is being done on the Berkshire downs by a number of Danes. Owners of downland used to say till quite recently, and some of them do so to this day, that all that is capable of being put under the plough is now arable; but these strangers from a foreign land took up their abode on the hills and by the methods ordinarily pursued in Denmark have been able to obtain crops which are the despair of native farmers. All over the country a similar problem is presented. In Scotland the difficulty is that of turning the hill pastures into food-producing soil. A very great deal of attention is being paid to the matter by the Scottish Board of Agriculture, but the individual will do well to trust to his own exertions more than to any official body. The question is largely one of manure. Even at the present high price, the proper use of chemical manures will secure a profitable return on nearly all the light land in Great Britain.

#### THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S career as Governor-

General of Canada will make a fine page of Dominion history. His farewell words at the Canadian Club, Ottawa, formed a worthy termination of his period of office. The great point about it was his recommendation that after the war Canada should insist upon immigrants being of British stock. These can be depended upon. Those who are not of British birth, but have recently become Canadians, have not shown to advantage at this critical moment. In the Duke of Connaught's own words, "If anyone dared to go into detail, it would be found that most of those of military age who remain in Canada are of alien origin." The other Oversea Dominions will do well to profit by the same advice. In the closer bond of Empire which must be a very important consequence of this war, new force will be found in the Duke's wise advice: "You must populate the country with those of our own traditions."

#### CANADA is naturally dismayed at losing a Governor-

General like the Duke of Connaught, but she has the consolation of knowing that his successor promises in every way to take his place. The Duke of Devonshire is essentially an English country gentleman. This means no doubt that he is greatly interested in the outdoor and indoor pursuits of his class. He is an agriculturist who has bred some of the best livestock in the United Kingdom, and he is a sportsman. But beyond these accomplishments he is one of those members of the aristocracy who for many years has had a considerable experience of political and other affairs. The Duke of Devonshire, in point of fact, has undergone a thorough training for the great part he is now called upon to play in public life. There can be no reasonable doubt of his success. He carries with him the best wishes from his friends on this side of the Atlantic and he has the great advantage on the other side of stepping into a position which has been ennobled by the previous occupant.

#### OLD OLIVER.

Old Oliver, my uncle, went  
With but a penny for his needs,  
Walking from Cotsall hill to Clent,  
His pocket full of poppy seeds.

And every little lane along  
He scattered them for good man's will,  
And then he sang a happy song  
From Clent again to Cotsall hill.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

"WHEREVER the British Army has been it has demonstrated its physical fitness." We used these words a few weeks ago as an argument to show that the British system of educating children and treating them generally could not be so defective as some people tried to make out, since the British Army of to-day practically consists of those who were at school a few years ago. Many of our readers must have been struck with the emphatic manner in which General Sixt von Arnim, commanding the Fourth German Corps, has confirmed this statement. In accounting for the defeat of the Kaiser's army he says "the Englishman also has his training and physique in his favour." General von Arnim before the war worked with General Falkenhayn, and in the opinion of one of our ablest military critics, "few German generals know their business better than these two men." His confidential report, written presumably for the exclusive benefit of his brother officers, has probably been read and pondered in every British household during the past week. It contains nothing more satisfactory than this tribute to the physical superiority of the British soldier.

WE are obliged to a correspondent for sending us a copy of the *Wykehamist* for August. It has the double interest for old Winchester boys that the number is a jubilee number, and the supplement is made up of the English verse written on the *Via Sacra*. The quality of the poetry illustrates the truth of the editorial contention that after fifty years all that need be added to the principles set forth *ad lectorem* in the first number is the addition "to afford an opportunity for the exercise of such poetic or literary talents as may be found within the School." Such talent does not appear to be at all rare. J. R. Duff, whose poem is placed first, has done a piece of fine work. His *proxime accessit* is M. Bewley, and others who are honourably mentioned are W. J. C. Quarrell, J. d'E. E. Firth, A. L. B. Ashton and A. G. Boucher. The verse is up to a very high standard, and would compare favourably with any prize poetry on record.



## НАШИМЪ РУССКИМЪ ЧИТАТЕЛЯМЪ.

Для всѣхъ сотрудниковъ и служащихъ Журнала "Country Life" работа по изданію настоящаго выпуска, посвященнаго Россіи, была истиннымъ наслажденіемъ. Работа эта служить великой цѣли — распространенію и укрѣпленію добрыхъ отношеній, установившихся между Великобританіей и ея великой союзницей. Военная помощь, оказываемая Россіей общему дѣлу, къ счастью не только извѣстна, но и вызываетъ должную признательность въ Англіи, такъ что въ этой области не требуется содѣйствія печати. Съ самаго начала войны англичане съ интересомъ и участіемъ слѣдили за рядомъ подвиговъ доблестной Россійской Арміи.

Спокойный и полный достоинства образъ дѣйствій Русскаго Царя, проявленный имъ непосредственно до объявленія Германіей войны, также глубоко запечатлѣлся въ памяти англійскаго народа. Его Императорское Величество прилагалъ всевозможныя усилія для предотвращенія катастрофы, работая надъ этимъ въ согласіи съ Королемъ Георгомъ и его Министромъ Иностранныхъ Дѣлъ Виконтомъ Грей (тогда бывшимъ Сэръ Эдуардомъ Грей). Россія дошла до крайней степени возможнаго для великой державы въ уступкахъ противникамъ, чтобы спасти міръ отъ ужасовъ войны, но миролюбивыя слова Россіи, пали на нежелавшія слышать уши. Германскій Императоръ посвятилъ долгій рядъ лѣтъ на образованіе сухопутныхъ и морскихъ силъ, достаточныхъ, какъ ему мнилось, для обезпеченія за нимъ того всемірнаго владычества, о которомъ писалъ Генераль Бернгарди и нѣмецкіе профессора. Кайзеръ счелъ моментъ подходящимъ для себя и рѣшилъ не слушать тѣхъ, кто стоялъ за міръ. Усилія Царя, направленные къ сохраненію мира были первымъ Русскимъ дѣйствіемъ въ этой великой драмѣ, вызвавшимъ общую симпатію въ Великобританіи. Слѣдующій шагъ былъ предпринятъ Россіей въ одинъ изъ самыхъ критическихъ моментовъ этой безпримѣрной войны, Англія послала отважную, но слишкомъ малочисленную армію на помощь Франціи и Бельгіи. Франція въ то время не была надлежащимъ образомъ подготовлена къ войнѣ, а маленькая Бельгійская армія, не смотря на проявленную ею чудеса военной доблести, не могла конечно долго сопротивляться тевтонскимъ полчищамъ въ сотни разъ превосходившимъ Бельгійцевъ численностью. Британскія и Французскія войска были оттѣснены почти къ самому Парижу. Въ этотъ критическій моментъ Россія съ самоотверженностью, какой исторія мало являетъ примѣровъ, совершила нападеніе на Восточную Пруссію, которое заставило Кейзера отвлечь крупныя силы съ западнаго фронта для отраженія ударовъ Россіи. Союзники никогда не забудутъ этого подвига русской арміи, вожди которой, сами считали безнадежной попытку пробиться до Берлина, такъ какъ послѣ первыхъ же значительныхъ военныхъ операцій обнаружилось, что центральныя государства въ теченіе ряда лѣтъ изготавляли и накапливали запасы военныхъ снабженій всякаго рода для нанесенія рѣшительнаго удара всей остальной Европѣ. Русскіе были принуждены отступить. Искусство и отвага, проявленные ими въ этомъ трудномъ отступленіи, внушили союзникамъ полную увѣренность въ будущихъ успѣхахъ Русскаго Оружія, тѣмъ не менѣе та быстрота, съ которою Русская армія собралась съ новыми силами и съ которою вновь возникшія общественныя организаціи снабдили армію всѣмъ нужнымъ, возбудила справедливое изумленіе не только всѣхъ союзниковъ, но и всѣхъ нейтральныхъ странъ и народовъ, которые не были подвержены Германскому вліянію.

Въ настоящее время, англійскому журналу поэтому не приходится распространяться о военной доблести русскіихъ армій. Мы задаемся болѣе скромною цѣлью: мы желаемъ оказать посильное содѣйствіе сближенію русскихъ и англичанъ. Несмотря на обиліе книгъ о Россіи, появившихся въ Англіи за послѣднія десять или двадцать лѣтъ, большинство англичанъ еще не въ состояніи дать себѣ ясный отчетъ объ особенностяхъ русскаго уклада жизни и отличій его отъ англійскаго, въ особенности въ отношеніи сельскаго населенія. Всѣ читающіе англичане знаютъ теперь про несравненныя достоинства русскаго крестьянина, его трудолюбіе, выносливость, преданность родинѣ, глубокую религіозность и влеченіе къ божественному, нерѣдко освѣщающее и облагораживающее жизнь самыхъ скромныхъ, смиренныхъ тружениковъ, не средній англичанинъ, не бывавшій въ Россіи, все же не имѣетъ яснаго представленія объ обстановкѣ русской жизни въ избѣ и на полѣ, въ работѣ и отдыхѣ. Русскіе обряды и церемоніи, обычаи, привычки и даже наряды представляютъ необычное и новое явленіе для не бывавшаго въ Россіи англичанина.

Въ Англіи, къ прискорбію многихъ англичанъ, простота и патріархальность домашняго уклада жизни почти повсемѣстно исчезли тогда какъ въ Россіи она еще сохранилась. Нашъ журналъ задался цѣлью дать англійской публикѣ наглядное изображеніе русской жизни, особенно крестьянскаго быта въ работѣ и въ пляскѣ и въ другихъ развлеченияхъ. Значеніе этой стороны народной жизни врядъ ли можно переувеличивать. Но мы не упустили изъ виду и болѣе сложныхъ проявленій русской общественной жизни. Мы уже коснулись громаднхъ услугъ, оказанныхъ русской арміи, а стало быть и намъ русскими земскими и другими организаціями въ настоящую войну, но и помимо военныхъ заготовленій, въ областяхъ несвязанныхъ съ войною въ искусствѣ и литературѣ Россіи на нашихъ глазахъ привлекла вниманіе и восхищеніе всей западной Европы. Во многихъ произведеніяхъ великихъ писателей земли русской изображено русское прошлое не только внѣшне прагматически, но и художественно, раскрывая внутреннія стороны жизни, русскую прямоту и простоту. Не смотря на то, что съ извѣстной точкой зрѣнія, русская литература моложе западно-европейскихъ, она уже оказала и несомнѣнно еще окажетъ освѣжающее и плодотворное вліяніе на духовную жизнь западнаго европейца. Россія многимъ изъ насъ представляется страной духовныхъ стремленій и исканій. Изобразить на бумагѣ главнѣйшія черты внутренней жизни другого народа дѣло чрезвычайно не легкое, но мы не имѣемъ поговору, что „стараясь добыть шелковое платье, быть можетъ получить хоть шелковые рукава“ и мы поэтому будемъ вполне удовлетворены если наши русскіе друзья оцѣнятъ искренность нашихъ желаній, хотя намъ удалось осуществить ихъ лишь въ самой скромной мѣрѣ.

*An English translation of the above will be found overleaf.*

## TO OUR RUSSIAN READERS

**T**O the staff of COUNTRY LIFE it has been a labour of love to prepare an edition of this journal devoted to Russia. The labour was dignified by a great object. This is to promote and improve the good relations now established between Britain and her great Ally. Happily, there is no need to preach a warmer appreciation of the military part played by Russia. From the outbreak of hostilities this country followed the work done by the Russian army with unflinching interest. Even before war was declared it was recognised that the Czar acted in perfect agreement with the attitude of the English people. His Imperial Majesty strained every effort to maintain peace, thereby working in perfect accord with King George and his Secretary for War, Sir Edward Grey, as he was then. Russia went as far as any great nation could have done in the way of making concessions for the purpose of avoiding the dire calamity which came upon Europe; but it was talking to deaf ears. The Emperor of Germany had spent several decades in the formation of land and sea forces such as he imagined would be able to procure for him that world power of which General Bernhardt and the professors wrote. He judged that the time of striking had come, and turned a deaf ear to all who advocated peace.

The anxiety of the Czar to avoid war was the first Russian act in this drama to call forth public sympathy in Great Britain. The next occurred at a very anxious and dramatic moment in the history of the war. Britain had sent a gallant but very small army to help the French and Belgians. France was unprepared for war at the time, and the brave little Belgian army, though it put up a stout resistance, was pushed aside by the mighty wave of soldiery which flowed from Berlin over Belgium, the territory of Germany's little and neutral neighbour. British and French were pressed back to the very confines of Paris.

It was in these circumstances that the Russian army, with unsurpassed gallantry, made that noble and generous dash at East Prussia which compelled the Kaiser to divert large forces from the West in order to counter the Russian blow. None of the other Allies is likely ever to forget this knightly action. It is improbable that the most sanguine leader ever dreamed of the army reaching Berlin, because as soon as operations began in earnest it became known that the Central Powers had been for years back manufacturing and accumulating war material in order to strike a mighty and decisive blow at the rest of Europe. Russia was compelled to retreat. The skill and bravery with which she extricated herself from a difficult position gave assurance of what she was likely to accomplish in the future. But the extraordinary quickness with which Russia recovered from her temporary set-back and brought new and well equipped armies into the field was one of the most astonishing occurrences in the war, and earned the greatest admiration not in this country only, but in every part of the world which had not been corrupted by German influence.

At present, then, it is needless to expatiate on the splendid part performed by Russia in the war. Our purpose, at any rate, is of a less ambitious character. It is in reality to increase the intimacy between Russia and Great Britain. Despite innumerable books that have appeared during the last decade or two, there are not many English people who are able to see clearly and vividly the difference between life in Russia and life at home. This is especially true of country life. We have all come to recognise the qualities of the Russian peasant—his fine disposition, power of work, and docility. We do not ignore the turn of mysticism in his character, which dignifies and glorifies all the rest. But it is not easy for an untravelled Englishman to visualise his life in the cottage and in the fields, at labour and at play. The pomps and ceremonies, the customs, usages, and even the dress in Russia are a surprise to the untravelled English eye. In this country we have, it is to be feared, destroyed much of what was good in the simpler life of the past, while the Russian has retained it. It has been our great purpose, then, to show the Russians at home, particularly the peasants at their labour and at their dancing and other amusements. The value of this part of national life can scarcely be overestimated, but we have also given attention to the more complicated aspects of society. The war has, of course, brought many military institutions to the front, and at the moment it is necessary to give them prominence; but it is in literature and the arts that Russia has provided the greatest surprise for the rest of Europe. Her writers have in several instances been able to reproduce the great manner of the past, not great because of its complexity, but because of its simple strength and sincerity. Although Russian is in a sense a young literature, it has been able to revive and refresh the literature of other countries as nothing else has done.

Russia, above all else, is a land of dreams and ideas. To bring out the leading characteristics on paper is not easy, but we have a proverb in this country that if you strive for a silk gown you will, maybe, get the sleeve of it, and we shall be very content if in these pages our Russian friends find traces of an effort that is always sincere even when it may stumble.



# COUNTRY LIFE IN RUSSIA

By N. M. A.



OXEN BRINGING IN THE HARVEST.

EMERSON in his "English Traits" says that the whole of England is a vast park: how true that is! Everyone who knows England and English country life can wish for nothing more charming, nothing more delightful; for a foreigner the lovely English country seats are a revelation. A comfortable house in charming grounds, neighbours at every five minutes living in other comfortable houses standing in beautiful grounds, an easy walk to the nearest town with station, post office, shops, cinematograph, trains leaving every half hour for London, so that going backwards and forwards from the calm of the country to the busy metropolis is just a pleasure ride—such is the English country. And to make its life pleasanter still you can always find a golf and a tennis club within easy reach of your house, as well as glorious, well kept, tarred motor roads leading past your gate to the remotest corners of England. No; nothing can be compared to the easy, organised life of the English country, where the comforts differ little from those you find in big towns.

In Russia it is not so—no foreigner could appreciate the vast uncultured expanses, the bad roads, the enormous distances; and yet for a Russian heart life in that country has a specially grand, wild beauty and attraction unknown

in any other place. The size of Russia and the lack of railroads make life there quite different to that of England. When once the landowner has settled in his estate for the summer he stays there for a number of months, as the journey from Petrograd or Moscow, where he lives in winter, may have taken him two, three or even four days. There is no question of "running up to Petrograd" for the day, as one would to London—not even going shopping to the neighbouring town, which is sometimes a whole day's drive away.

In Northern and Eastern Russia there are still many country seats lying sixty to a hundred miles away from the nearest station, where the post is delivered but once a week. But in Central and South Russia that is a thing of the past as numberless railroads are being built, and now five to fifteen miles from the station is the usual thing. Of course, carriages and horses must cover that distance, as the roads are terrible and motor-cars of no use in most places. The peasants themselves call cars "antimobiles," as I heard a lecturer say the other day. Under these conditions the country seat itself must afford a source of work, pleasure and interest, and one finds that to be the case, thanks to the important rôle played by each landowner on and around his estate.



THE SEMENTHAL BREED OF CATTLE.

Contrary to England, it is the land in Russia that brings in all the big incomes, and the fields therefore offer an endless interest to their owner. Russia is so vast and has so many climates that each part grows quite different things, still one can safely say that rye and oats are the greatest products of Central Russia—wheat and beetroot that of the Southern Counties. On all the big estates where beet can be grown a sugar factory is built to avoid the expense of long and difficult transport. In many parts where potatoes are grown one finds distilleries, but these last have finished their days of glory since the Emperor's *Ukaz* on the prohibition of vodka.

In the North of Russia and in a few Southern Governments are very large forest estates, some of which—in the North-Eastern Counties—count up to 100,000 acres. A few photographs of woodland corners in the South of Russia can be found in this number of *COUNTRY LIFE*. On these estates shooting and hunting play no little part; the game in Russia is more varied and more plentiful than in any other country. There can be no week-ends as in England because of the great distances, but big shooting parties are often organised, and the guests stay for a week or two and have a number of shoots. As I have said before, there can be no shopping at a neighbouring town, and therefore each

estate must supply its own wants—breed chickens, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowls, calves, sheep and pigs; have a great well stocked kitchen and fruit garden, and plenty of cows on the farm.

I must mention that in Russia cattle-breeding as an industry is only carried on in Siberia and some of the

Northern Counties. In Central and South Russia each landowner keeps as many cows as he needs for himself, and only farms lying near towns take the dairy produce to sell. The cows up to now have generally come from Switzerland—the "Sementhal" breed; the Swedish ones are also much appreciated. Of recent years some attempts have been made to bring English cows over, but they are more delicate and need special care through the long winter months, when they are obliged to be shut up and miss the fresh air and green grass. Lovers of animals spend many happy hours on the home farm and also in the stables. Russians are great lovers of horses, and generally have lovely hunters and elegant teams harnessed in quaint ways, such as *troikas* (three horses), four horses abreast, or tandem.

The rivers are broad and picturesque, and many a pleasant hour is spent on their slowly and smoothly running waters. Picnics are often organised, sometimes a long way off, where distant neighbours can come and join in the fun. The woods in Russia are very varied, and consist



BLESSING A VILLAGE HOSPITAL OPENED BY MRS. MOURAVIEFF-APOSTOL.



AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE.



of oaks, pines, beeches, elms, birches, etc. The ground is dry the whole summer long, and one can sit on the moss or lie on the grass without any fear of dampness. After such picnics drives home in the night are sometimes arranged, with Chinese lanterns hanging round the carriages, and songs and music to make the drive seem shorter. Another favourite pastime is that of going to the woods to gather mushrooms, of many varieties unknown abroad, and also great baskets of wild strawberries, blackberries, mulberries, bilberries, cranberries and nuts.

But there is another side to Russian country life—a more serious and interesting one. The lord of the manor is like a prince in his tiny kingdom, and the peasants look up to him in all that is



A TYPICAL IZBA IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA.



A "TROIKAS."

needed to light up their simple grey life. He is the centre of culture. He often erects the village church, opens schools, or at least gives the money for them, builds hospitals, pays the nurse and doctor, and organises savings banks, giving the necessary sum to start the thing going. The landowners play a very great part in the county councils of Russia (the Zemstvos), where they are elected to interesting and absorbing posts.

In the villages the centres of social life are the church and the school. The whole life of the peasant is closely associated with the church, even regulated by it. Not the days of the month, but the days dedicated to the different saints are the landmarks of the peasant's calendar. Thus they will say, "I met you the week after Nikolin's Day," or else, "This happened on the eve of



RUSSIAN GIRLS SELLING FLOWERS AT A STATION IN CENTRAL RUSSIA.

St. Peter and St. Paul." The Church has a great influence on the peasant's diet, prescribing long lenten periods—seven weeks before Easter, four weeks in summer, as many in autumn, and nearly a month before Christmas—and the eve of each fête day is a day of fasting, and there are more fêtes in Russia than anywhere else.

The priest is the central figure in the village, and when he is a good and clever man the village benefits considerably by his influence. He gets no stipend from the Government or Church. He is paid by the peasants for each special service—blessing of the house, christening, marriage or burial—and also gets presents from the villages consisting of wheat, eggs, fruit or fowls on some of the special Church fête days. This is not a good system, and is sure to be changed within the next few years, the priest will then receive a stated salary and not be dependent on the parishioners for money matters as he is now.

The choir is mostly formed of school-children, and is often very good, Russian voices being fresh and strong and the children musical. There are no organs or any other instruments in our churches, just the voices, and they sound lovely singing the old Slavonic church melodies *à capello*.

There is but one church in each village, the Greek Orthodox Church. We have a few sects in Russia, such as the Doucho-borzi, Uniati, Staroveri, Roskolniki and Radstockisti (disciples

tree and entertainment for the many school-children, and in many villages arranges for a magic-lantern to be shown on Sundays in the "tchainaia," or tea-houses—a measure adopted in former years to keep the peasants away from the vodka shops. These magic-lanterns mostly have picture-scenes of historical events or geographical places, and are accompanied by a short explanation given by one of the school teachers.

A number of trade schools have lately been started for carpenters, turners, locksmiths and bootmakers. In Central Russia the "kustarnji" or home trade has greatly developed, and the wooden bowls, spoons, hand-woven materials, embroideries, and especially toys and laces, are making a name for themselves and are beginning to be known even abroad. In former years all that had to be organised by private initiative, from the building of a church or school to the making of linens or laces, but lately it is gradually being taken over by the Zemstvo, thanks to which the work can be done more systematically and on a far larger scale. But in Russia there is still so much to be done that there is room for every organiser, every worker; and after this war private enterprise will be more needed than ever. And work among the peasants is both interesting and gratifying. They are the true Russia. The town life is one of officials and tchinovhiks. It is in the country that you



VILLAGE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

of Lord Radstock), but their followers are so few and far between that they need scarcely be mentioned.

On the other hand, each village has one, two or even three schools. Some are built by the Zemstvos, some by the Church, and some, as I have already mentioned, by the lord of the manor. He it is who also provides a Christmas

feel the beat of the real Russian heart, that you meet the real Russian man, with the quiet dignity and self-respect that make you feel that each one of these poor, ignorant moujiks is a gentleman at heart.

Yes; it is the country life that is the real free life which affords full scope to the Russian democratic nature.

## THE THREE MOTHERS

Three Mothers in Heaven stole silently  
Apart from the music and mirth;  
Monica, Mary and Salome,  
They thought of the mothers on earth,  
And for aid in her prayer sought each of the three  
To the Son to whom she gave birth.

So Salome sped to the King's side near,  
Where her two sons gracious and gay  
Lent to her whisper a ready ear:  
"Pray to the dear Lord, pray  
For the mothers who still no tidings hear  
Of their sons that are far away"—

And Monica, mindful of long-dead fears,  
Sought Augustine's eyes and smiled,  
"Help me to pray for the mis-spent years  
Of the reckless sons and wild;  
Grace for each mother that sheds sad tears  
For the sin-stained soul of her child."

But Mary had not to seek her Son,  
Her eyes still met His eye.  
And His pray'r, and her prayer, they rose as one  
In the Father's Presence High:  
"Teach them to say, 'Thy Will be done,'  
The mothers whose sons must die."

L.



# THE RUSSIAN TOMMIES

BY A RUSSIAN GENERAL.



THE CZAR BLESSING HIS TROOPS. NOTE THE IKON IN HIS HAND.

**S**TURDY, trustworthy, simple in mind and habits, kind-hearted, strong in body and strong in his simple faith in God, deeply religious and somewhat fatalistic at the same time, as all Eastern people are, the Russian soldier is not talkative, he is very much inclined to meditation, is easily disciplined and very obedient to his chiefs, never refuses any job, even the hardest, and gets over the parapet into No Man's Land with the implicit belief that nothing can happen to him unless previously entered in the Great Book of Destiny.

"You cannot die twice, and one death you cannot evade"—this popular Russian saying, a sort of proverb, recurs most often when Russian Tommies are talking to each other and in their letters sent home from the trenches. These letters are a revelation in themselves. The Russian Tommy very rarely says anything about the fighting, the shell-fire and the hardships he has to endure; he very rarely speaks of his food or his personal experiences. The main topic of his epistles from the battlefield, coming after the customary greetings and love messages to every member of his family, mentioned personally by his or her name coupled with the name of his or her father, the main topic, I say, is a sort of philosophical dissertation on the right and wrong of bloodshed, intermingled with descriptions of towns and villages seen, and advices and recommendations as to the tilling of the fields and general management of the business at home.

The following are some extracts from a typical Russian Tommy's letter addressed to his wife from a trench somewhere in Volhynia. It begins by a long enumeration of relations, to whom he addresses his greetings. The wife comes first:

"My love and greetings to my much beloved wife, Avdotia Ivanovna (meaning Avdotia, daughter of Ivan), and I hope you are in good health just as I am myself; my love and greetings to my mother, Katerina Timofeevna, and I hope she does not suffer from her pains in her back; my love and greetings to my uncle, Theodor Timofeevitch," and the letter enumerates fifteen male and female relatives. At the end of the list comes the five year old son of the writer, who is also mentioned by name: "My beloved son, Ilia Petrovitch" (Ilia, the son of Peter, Peter being the name of the writer). Then comes the war news: "I am still safe, as well as Feodor Andreevitch" (a man of the same village). "We have beaten the Germans and occupy their positions, though the Germans are tough and fight well.

But everything is in the hands of God, and He decides whose is the righteous cause and who is going to win."

"The country is pleasant here," goes on the letter, "and the land is good and better tilled than in our part, but man is bound to study and learn all his life and still dies a fool. Do not forget to sell the old cow. She is no good now, and the price of meat on the market, as I have heard, is very high.



COSSACKS OF THE DON.

Tell Uncle Theodor Timofeevitch that he must not forget to pay my part of the taxes, as he profits by the land in my absence." And the writer goes on giving advice and making recommendations, and finishes by a request for a new shirt to be sent to him, for he is "in great need of linen."

The greater part of the Russian

army comes from the country, from the peasant class, the peasants forming the bulk of the population of agricultural Russia, and the Russian Tommy is a true representative of Russian country life. His personal interests, even on the battlefield, are still devoted to his home in his native village and to the fields he was used to till. All the other classes, of course, also give their representatives to the army, military service in Russia being compulsory for everybody; but it is the peasant class, strongest numerically, and perhaps also mentally and physically, that gives its colour to the army, that predominates in the rank and file.

Until the last quarter of the nineteenth century the peasants were practically the sole source of recruits to the rank and file of the army. Theirs was the only class subject to conscription, because the so-called burgesses (mestchane), the poorer townspeople who paid no merchant guild taxes and were also liable to conscription, were comparatively few in number. Russia at the time had literally a peasant army commanded by the sons of the country gentry and nobility, military service as officers being considered as obligatory to the latter as conscription was obligatory to the peasantry. The liberal reforms of Alexander II changed all this. In 1874 military service in



INFANTRY RESTING IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE IN GALICIA.

the ranks was made obligatory for all classes of the population in Russia, including the noblemen and merchants (the latter before this had no military obligation at all), and this reform introducing equal military service for all was, and is still, considered one of the greatest reforms of its time.

The commanding ranks of the

army were also opened to the representatives of all classes. An officer's commission ceased to be the privilege of a nobleman. Anyone having completed a course of special studies could get the epaulettes of an officer, and the military schools were open to all boys sufficiently prepared to pass the admittance test. Education took the place of birthright. Even primary education reduced by a year the length of military service for the rank and file. Certificates of secondary schools (gymnasiums), corresponding to the English public high schools, reduced this service by two years, and university certificates for graduates reduced it by three years.

The general rule under the Russian Military Service Law of 1874 introduced four years' service in the ranks for all young men of twenty, but, as the numerous population of Russia provided many more recruits than were wanted every year, the law allowed many exemptions for family reasons, and for educational requirements extension of time was allowed for scholars and students until the age of twenty-seven. The only son was always exempt, as well as the eldest son of a widow or of a father who was over fifty-five. The next brother of a soldier serving in the ranks was also exempt, so that, for instance, out of a family of three



INFANTRY FORDING A STREAM IN GALICIA.



brothers whose father was fifty-six years of age, the second brother only had to serve, the first and the third being exempt.

All the exempted men were incorporated in the Opol'tchenie—the Land Defence forces, corresponding to the German Landsturm—to be called only in case of war. The Opol'tchenie was liable also to be called for a six weeks' training every two years, but had no regular service to do.

Notwithstanding all the exemptions and extensions of time, the number of non-exempted young men in Russia was still too great for the requirements of military service in peace time, so that all the non-exempted young men of twenty had to draw lots. For instance, a certain district—according to the number of its inhabitants—had to provide a hundred men for the regular army, and the number of the non-exempted young men in the district was about three hundred. All of them drew lots, and only those who got the first numbers from 1 to 100 were called, the others being incorporated in the Opol'tchenie.

The men who had to serve in the army after four years (or less, according to their education) of regular service were incorporated in the Reserve (Zapas) until the age of thirty-five, and after that they passed to the Opol'tchenie until the age of forty-five, when they got their discharge and were totally liberated from military duty.

This is the general outline of the scheme of universal military service under the Law of 1874. Several amendments were introduced later, reducing the years of regular service and some of the educational privileges; but the main lines are still the same, and the present war has proved the Opol'tchenie to be an inexhaustible reserve of splendid fighting material—somewhat raw perhaps, but quite capable of being transformed into well disciplined military units in the shortest time possible.

It is the Russian Opol'tchenie that is winning the war, pouring out continuously into the fighting line new waves of combatants always prepared to sacrifice their lives for the righteous cause.

The war has proved another thing, too: The great fighting capacity, the gallantry in the field, and the commanding power of the new officers of the Russian army provided chiefly now by the middle classes.

The Law of 1874 abolished, as I have already said, the privileges of the nobility to command the Russian army. Any educated man, after having completed his years of regular military service, could pass an examination for the rank of lieutenant of the Reserve. Any well educated boy could enter a military school, and, having completed his studies, get appointed to the rank of lieutenant in the Regular Army.

When war broke out, all the Reserve officers were called up for duty, and to fill up the casualties in the commanding ranks a shortened course of military studies for public school boys and university graduates was introduced in the military schools, and now lieutenants and sub-lieutenants are commissioned every three months. These new officers are now in command of the Russian rank and file. You find them acting not only as subalterns, but as commanders of companies, of battalions, and even regiments. They are not always young. Sometimes they are over thirty and

even forty. They represent all classes and professions. You may meet a solicitor commanding a company, a Government clerk commanding his battalion, several barristers acting as subalterns, and a surveyor as a staff officer. You may see bailiffs commanding batteries and bank clerks in command of squadrons.

Russia has sent to the battlefield her best sons to win the war, and they are certainly acting as heroes, dying for their country in doing their bit.

The whole of the Russian nation is up in arms, and the representatives of the middle classes have proved that they are the best leaders possible for an armed nation.

Speaking of the Russian Tommies, we must not forget the Cossacks. Sometimes they are considered as a nationality apart. This is a mistake. The Cossacks are just as Russian as any other Russians, and perhaps even more so, because they represent all the tribes who have built up the Russian

nation. A few centuries ago the Cossacks were simply outlaws who fled from civilised towns to lead a life of freedom on the boundless and sparsely inhabited Steppes between the Don and the Dnieper. There they built up free, self-governing communities, always struggling for life, always waging war on their neighbours. These communities were definitely incorporated into the Russian Realm under Catherine II towards the end of the eighteenth century. Later they were organised as an irregular army, quartered in certain provinces of Russia, divided into self-governing communities under elective military leadership of their colonels, or "atamans," and owning the land on which they lived. Apart from the Cossacks of the Don and the Ural, who were recognised first as an organised body, several other Cossack organisations were created by the Government—the Cossacks of the Terek, the Kuban, and lately the Cossacks of the Amur. All of them have the same military organisation under elective atamans, and all of them are liable to personal military service when called upon. They have to provide their own uniforms, horses and arms, but when on active service the Government keeps them supplied with all their requirements. They are officered by Cossacks, too, who have passed the military examinations required to obtain a commission. The heir to the Russian throne



A VETERAN COSSACK OF THE CAUCASUS.

holds by birth the title of Chief Ataman of all the Cossacks.

In peace time the Cossacks take turns on active military service, the young men from twenty to twenty-four coming in turn first and the others considered as reserves; but in war-time they are all called up for duty, and there is more than half a million of them serving now in the field. They are splendid horsemen and sharpshooters, and they are trained for their military duties from childhood, military training, rifle practice and horsemanship being obligatory in all the Cossack boys' schools.

The Cossacks are supposed to be the best horsemen in the world, and Londoners had an opportunity of acting as judges of this when they witnessed the performance of a party of Cossacks some years ago at the International Horse Show at Olympia. In camps and in barracks the Cossacks are always considered as the handiest men, the wittiest jokers, and the best singers of the whole army.

The reply of a Cossack to the great General Souvaroff is still living in the traditions of the Russian army. Souvaroff detested people who replied "I do not know" to his questions, and frequently tested the cleverness and quickness of retort of his officers with seemingly absurd questions. Once he asked one of his aide-de-camps how many stars there were in the heavens. The officer replied: "I do not know, sir." Souvaroff turned to a Cossack private, one of his Staff orderlies, and repeated the question. "Seven million, seven hundred thousand and seventy-nine, sir," was the prompt reply. "How do you know it?" inquired Souvaroff. "Well, sir, I may have made a small mistake, but you just count

them yourself and see whether I am right," came the retort. "Very clever," said Souvaroff, and promoted him a sergeant.

Another anecdote characteristic of the Russian Tommy to end this article. General Scobeloff, the hero of the Turkish War of 1877, asked a soldier, his orderly, whether he thought it possible for the troops to take a certain Turkish fort in the Balkans placed very high and well defended. "No, sir," replied the soldier, "it is quite impossible, the ascent is too steep." "But if you are ordered to do it?" "Oh! if you order it, we will do it, of course," came the reply. And they did it.

## A RUSSIAN WAR PICTURE



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*Podvig yest ee f srazhenie  
Podvig yest ee f borbay  
Veeshy podvig f terpenie  
Liubvy u molbay*

*The podvig is in battle  
The podvig is in struggle  
The highest podvig is in patience  
Love and prayer*

RUSSIA has now a popular war picture, done by one of the most famous of her artists, Nesterof. It appeared during the past winter, and prints of it are now exposed in every city, postcard reproductions on every bookstall in Russia. It shows a wounded Russian officer standing beside a Russian sister of mercy. He is in khaki, and is decorated with the Order of St. George; she in white hospital dress. Both faces are marvellously expressive of suffering—the woman seems drowned in past suffering and yet aware of the immensity

of suffering that must come. The man has the vision in his eyes that makes it all worth while.

Her face is one of faith, his of vision. Together they express the ideal relationship of a man and a woman, he fighting the great fight, living life as it ought to be lived, she supporting him with her faith and her love.

Nesterof when he was yet a boy began to paint frescoes in churches, and has painted in his time many a wonderful Madonna and Child. In this picture, where he has descended



to paint just a woman and a man in the midst of daily life, you may see a sort of suggestion of the Mother and Child, a reflection of some other composition, of some Russian Madonna and leaping Babe. Here also the man is really a child, though his eyes have the knowledge of the ideal and the quest, and the woman's face has purity and love and foreknowledge of the suffering that must come.

The background of the picture is Russia, the green forest of pines and firs, the melancholy, placid lake, the wan, white church with its swelling, coloured dome. Russia is in the background, Russia bore them, and their hearts yearn toward her.

So it can be a popular Russian war picture and be hung on many walls and looked into and loved in this strange year of grace 1916.

The words printed below are the famous lines of the poet Khomiakoff:

The *podvig* is in battle  
The *podvig* is in struggle  
The highest *podvig* is in patience  
Love and prayer

I leave the word *podvig* because, as I wrote in my chapter explaining the word in "Martha and Mary," it is impossible to render it by one word in English. But it is one of the most important words in the Russian language. It means a noble deed, an act of faith, a noble battle against fearful odds, a great sacrifice or act of renunciation, a shaming of the devil, a bold religious affirmation. Volumes might be written on it. The acts of the hermits and anchorites are

*podvigs*. St. George killing the dragon performed a *podvig*. The seven champions of Christendom would in Russia be the seven *podvizhniki* and their heroic exploits *podvigs*, but there we have not a word. For performing *podvigs* Russian soldiers are decorated. But, as Nesterof tells us in his picture, there are the greatest for which there is no decoration.

The greatest *podvig* is in patience  
Love and prayer

The sound of these Russian words is so beautiful in the original tongue that inevitably after you have read them you go on murmuring them till they are yours—a possession of the heart:

Podvig yest ee f srazhenie  
Podvig yest ee f borbay  
Veeshy podvig f terpenie  
Liubvy u molbay

This is not absolutely correct transliteration, but I have written in the hope that it may be easier to say.

This picture is true for Russia, and will be valuable long after peace has come as a historical witness of the spirit of the time. In the war, despite all its ugliness and accidentoriness, human nature is revealed as more beautiful, more daring, also more tender. The Russians have this picture and we also have the reality. There is a strong spiritual life manifest among us. It is manifest in the faces of the soldiers and in the life of their anxious and loving women they leave behind. Will not someone paint it for us?

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

## POTENTIALITIES OF COMMERCIAL AGREEMENTS BETWEEN THE ALLIES

(With special reference to Great Britain and Russia.)

BY BARON HEYKING, D.C.L., THE RUSSIAN CONSUL-GENERAL.

IT is not without great diffidence that I have ventured to write for your paper on a very complex and difficult economic question of paramount importance and practical interest. I am fully aware of the fact that I could hardly say anything new on this question if it were not for the purpose of acquainting you with the view of a friendly observer of an allied country. Having served in England fifteen years and in India one year as a Russian Consular Officer, I take the interests of the country of my protracted official residence almost as much to heart as those of my own country. During my consular service I have had the great satisfaction of seeing how our two countries first came to a politic agreement about the affairs of Central Asia, then drew closer together, and now fight side by side against the common foe, and are, perhaps, on the eve of a new commercial agreement which may be the public and formal sanction of the community of interests of the two nations. It is nowadays generally admitted that the economic requirements of civilised States are gradually exercising a more and more pronounced influence upon their politics and have become the decisive factor in their existence. If the Allies who are now united in fighting the common foe were to enter into joint commercial agreements against our enemies their cause might be considered as won, independent of any military action.

In Great Britain many important symptoms point to the fact that a change of policy in the direction of commercial agreements is imminent. The change was foreseen and in some measure provided for by Joseph Chamberlain. He realised that the growing importance of the self-governing Colonies of the British Empire imposed upon the Mother country the politic obligation to unite them by commercial agreements, and he also understood that the aggressive industrial and commercial opposition of Germany could only be met with protective customs tariffs. But it needed the present European war to bring it home to the heart of England that in the conflict with Germany the Motherland required the help of her great self-governing Colonies, and that now the time had come to make concessions to them which would consolidate the Empire, merging the economic systems of the Colonies in one harmonious whole. On the other hand, the war has taught England the necessity of a closer understanding among the Allies, not only from a military but also from an economic point of view.

The old controversy between free traders and protectionists has been decided by the logic of international events in favour of protection, not for the sake of protection as an economic system, but for political requirements. Henceforth the consideration of the British Empire and commercial agreements between the Allies are recognised as being of greater importance than the principle of free trade. Germany is preparing a new *Zollverein* of the Central Powers of Europe with openly aggressive tendencies. We can hardly fail to deduce from it our lesson; we must join hands economically and present a breachless phalanx to ward off the aggression.

This great scheme entails the necessity of commercial agreements between Great Britain, Russia, France, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, Roumania and Japan, each with each and all together, on the basis of preferential treatment regarding the importation of their own goods, of preferential treatment in a lesser degree regarding goods which originate from neutral countries, and of a penalisation of those goods which are imported from enemy countries. If Great Britain is to take a share in this scheme she must renounce her free trade policy. She has already abandoned it by the introduction of several import duties of an openly protective nature in order to foster her native industry and for the sake of prohibiting luxuries.

Probably the penalisation of enemy goods by our Alliance and the analogous principle of the *Zollverein* of the Central European States will lead to a war of tariffs, where the chances of success seem to be on our side for the following reasons:

Before the outbreak of the war Germany imported from the States of our Alliance, and especially from Russia, an enormous amount of raw products for feeding her manufacturing industries, and chiefly owing to these imports she was able to flood the markets of the world with her manufactures. It is only necessary to stop that supply of material in order to curtail her industrial and commercial competition in the world's markets. Again, Germany, as the middleman of Europe in the sale of a great quantity of Russian goods has grown fat on more or less objectionable manipulations of these goods, which she afterwards re-exported with great profit. We need only prohibit this sort of handling of our goods in order to deal a serious blow at the economic interests of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

But the chief reason for assuming that all the chances lie on our side in a case of a tariff war between the two groups of allied states is found in the economic superiority of Great

Britain and her Allies. Our Alliance comprises 786 millions of inhabitants, while that of the enemy alliance represents only 146 millions. Neutral states are inhabited by 693 millions, so that the population we represent is nearly equal to that of the enemy alliance and the neutral states taken together. If one realises that each man represents a certain purchasing power, it would appear that our Alliance is economically infinitely stronger than the opposite one. If we take as a test the development of the railway system it appears that we are also much stronger than our opponents. The Alliance has 382 thousand kilometres of railways, while the opposing party has only 120 thousand kilometres. The commercial fleet representing export power reveals striking features to our advantage. Our Alliance is represented by 16 million tons, while the opposite alliance can only show 3½ million tons. The statistics referring to the foreign trade give, on the side of the Alliance taken as a whole, 102 milliards of francs, while the opposing alliance can only boast of a total value of 34 milliards of francs for her foreign trade. During the last peace year, 1913, the total amount of trade between Great Britain, her Colonies and her Allies, exceeded nearly four times the total amount of Great Britain's trade with Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. Adding the amount of Great Britain's trade with neutral states it appears that the interests involved in trade, which according to the aforementioned scheme would enjoy a preferential treatment in Great Britain, are immeasurably greater than those of her trade with enemy countries.

In the case of Russia, the relation between the two groups of trade is different. Russia's trade with Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, taken as a whole, considerably exceeds her trade with her Allies. In the case of Russia the problem of introducing tariff differentiations in accordance with the origin of goods from allied, neutral or enemy countries therefore presents itself as a much more complicated matter than it is in the case of Great Britain. Moreover, the geographical position of Russia as a neighbour of Germany and Austria-Hungary makes it even more difficult to reckon with the consequences of barring all her western frontier to commercial communications. Russia can hardly be expected to erect an unsurpassable barrier of thousands of miles against her western neighbours, with whom she entertained in time of peace the closest commercial relations. If such were interrupted Russia would hardly be in a position to place all that immense quantity of corn and other products which she used to export annually into Germany and Austria-Hungary upon other markets of allied or neutral countries, where she would have to meet the opposition of other corn-growing countries. The geographical proximity of the enemy countries makes it possible for her to export her products thither under more favourable conditions than to countries over the seas, the more so as freights are bound to remain on a high level for some time to come, owing to the shortage of shipping. Russia has, therefore, much more to lose and is in a much less advantageous position than Great Britain with regard to a possible tariff war with the enemy countries.

But this will scarcely hamper her in adopting the same kind of differentiation in her customs tariff as that of her allies. The suggestion of a commercial agreement with her allies on the aforementioned lines has awakened an enthusiastic response in Russia, although the degree of preferential Customs treatment which Russia would be prepared to give to the imports from allied and neutral countries has not yet been definitely fixed. But the possibility of a commercial agreement between our allies has already been seriously considered as being in the political and economic interests of all the prospective contracting parties.

On the outbreak of the war Russia and her allies found themselves in a very unfavourable position as to their commercial agreements. The commercial treaty which Russia concluded with Germany in 1894, which was revised in 1905 and was to remain in force up to December 31st, 1917, served as the basis of the so-called Conventional Tariff of Russia. That tariff was applied to goods originating from Germany, and likewise to those that came from countries which enjoyed the most favoured nation treatment in accordance with existing treaties.

Thus, according to the Russian Conventional Tariff, no difference was made in the treatment of goods coming from Great Britain or Germany, and, owing to the fact that Germany enjoyed such treatment as the result of a commercial treaty carefully prepared to satisfy her own special export trade requirements, she, *de facto*, held greater advantages than her commercial competitor, Great Britain, although

the latter had obtained the right of the most favoured nation treatment.

The most favoured nation clause has up to the present been considered as the highest card to be played in the game of economic policy and as the never failing inducement for export trade. It was assumed that nothing better should or could be expected for export trade than the obtaining of the same rights and privileges which had been given, or would be given, by the receiving State to any other State. The adherence to that fallacy has been one of the reasons, if not the chief reason, why German commerce has found it comparatively easy to supersede English commerce in Russia and crush it out of existence. It is a false assumption to believe that the chances of each State in exporting its goods to that State which affords it the privilege of the most favoured nation treatment are identical. As a matter of fact, they are not. For instance, the requirements of British and German trade on the Russian market are very far from being the same. The difference in the geographical positions of Great Britain and Germany, and other circumstances favour German trade in Russia to such an extent that Great Britain is unable to compete in that market with the same rights. Germany's close proximity to Russia, her particular conditions of industrial production, and the fact that among the population of Russia there are many people of German extraction who preserve their relations with Germany enable her to sell her goods to Russia under more favourable conditions than Great Britain is able to do. At the present time if Great Britain and Russia deem it desirable to develop their trade relations, one of the first things to do is to revoke the obsolete most favoured nation clause and to replace it by a more satisfactory and sound arrangement which would take into account the practical conditions of British and German trade in Russia. To that effect a preferential treatment in Russia must be accorded to British goods imported into that country, not for the sake of preference alone but simply in order to put British and German commerce in Russia upon an equal footing. That can only be done by special Customs tariff agreements in conformity with the changing conditions of international trade.

But it is not an easy matter to persuade the opponents of preferential Customs to change their tactics. In Russia the consumer of imported goods may say: "You want by your prospective preferential tariff to force me to buy English goods, although I could provide myself with the same article from Germany at a cheaper price. Thus I am prevented from profiting by the commercial competition between Great Britain and Germany, and have to pay a special tax to British commerce which otherwise I would not have to pay." The answer to such an argument is that a commercial agreement between Great Britain and Russia is in pursuance of a political aim which must be considered as of primary importance in comparison to mere private interests. Besides, it is premature to assume that owing to the preferential treatment of British goods the Russian consumer would have to pay higher prices for the same articles imported from Germany. All depends upon the degree of differentiation between the Customs duties to be paid on the imports of British and German goods. In all probability German masters of dumping will elect to pay the higher import duty, and will try to undersell the British article in spite of that duty. We have it in our power to arrange that the German importer pays the extra duty and not the Russian consumer. The actual market price of the German article in Russia would remain the same.

But if that is so, would the aim of preferential treatment of British goods in Russia be realised by the application of differential Customs tariffs? It must be borne in mind that the prospective differentiation in the Russian Customs tariff could not, as already mentioned, exclude all goods from enemy countries, but would only have for its object to give the advantage to our allies. It would depend on them to avail themselves of this favour as best they could. In a word, it would be the task of Russian statesmen to conciliate the interests of the Russian consumer with advantage to the British exporter by the adequate fixation of preferential treatment.

To sum up the above, it would appear that the conclusion of commercial agreements among the Allies is at present of paramount importance to their common interests, and entails for Great Britain the necessity of abandoning free trade for a system of differential tariffs. That system would not be Protection pure and simple, but rather a politico-economic system of differential treatment of allied, neutral and enemy countries, which would be an appropriate step towards union in commerce.



# IN THE CAUCASUS

BY THE REV. C. H. DICK.



A GEORGIAN VILLAGE.

I SHOULD be soaked! I should see nothing! It would be madness! By such arguments as these did the landlord of the hotel at Vladikavkaz try to dissuade me from beginning the three days' drive to Tiflis as we stood at the door and looked up at a grey sky. I suspected that his solicitude for my pleasure in the journey was not wholly disinterested; but Vladikavkaz is one of the last places in which I should wish to run up a long hotel bill. It is a flimsy outpost of civilisation, and is interesting chiefly as the monument of the first deliberate attempt to establish Russian influence in Transcaucasia.

It owes its present importance to its command of the northern end of the Georgian Military Road, which runs across the mountains to Tiflis, 132 miles away. It is the headquarters of the Third Caucasian Army Corps, and the military character of the population is obvious. The place is full of Cossacks and soldiers of the line, and the street traffic consists largely of officers driving about at a furious pace in two-horse droshkies. The Caucasian troops were among the first to be mobilised on the outbreak of the war, and when they were given their opportunity on the battlefields of Poland did their best to justify

the wholesome horror with which the Germans regard them, that is, so far as clean fighting is concerned. There is a story that a German soldier who was captured by the Russians

in that area kept looking about him with obvious uneasiness. When he was asked about the cause of his anxiety he explained that it was the Cossacks. He said that his fellow-soldiers understood that even the Russians could not allow them to go about freely, but confined them in huge vans; that when a battle was beginning they brought the vans to the front and opened the doors, when the Cossacks poured out, slashing at everything that they saw; and that when the action was over certain men who were employed as Cossack-tamers hunted or coaxed the weary fiends back to their cages! As one watched the Cossacks riding in the streets of Vladikavkaz, one could not but think that it would be pleasanter to have them as friends than as enemies.

The town is as near to the mountains as Innsbruck to the Alps; but during my talk with the landlord I saw nothing but mist anywhere beyond the street. Towards mid-day, however, there was a distant flash of white, like a flying seagull's body revealed among clouds, and it defined



NEAR KASBEK.



THE HARVEST OF THE CAUCASIAN VINEYARDS.

itself presently as a snow-clad slope touched with sunshine. As to methods of travel, there is a diligence making the journey to Tiflis in two days, and a public automobile making it in one. Just now powerful cars in the use of Russian officers are completing it in five hours. The remaining method—unless one has time and inclination to walk—is to hire a carriage for one's self.

It was the month of May and the diligence had not begun its runs for the season. The automobile lay under the objection that it was too fast; and there was the fatal drawback that one cannot stop a public vehicle every mile or two in order to photograph the scenery or the shepherds and village belles by the way. Everything pointed to the droshky or phaeton and the use of the horses obtainable at the Imperial posting stations. A "konduktor" goes all the way with the carriage and makes the arrangements with the officials who provide the horses; the drivers, on the other hand, are changed with the teams. It would in any case have been a delightful experience to revert in sober earnest to the travelling methods of our great-great-grandfathers; but to spend three days of perfect weather in such a leisurely progress through the Caucasian wonderland of mountains, rivers, pastures and unspoiled villages was to feel as if one were entering into possession of a new kingdom.

The route followed by the Georgian Military Road saw the passage of ancient race migrations from Asia into Europe. Many military Powers, Egyptian, Mede, Alan,

Scythian, Greek, Roman, Persian, Arab, Mongol, Tatar and Turk, have swept against the Caucasus like successive surges of the sea; but none of them had ever made a road, and when Todtleben led a Russian force by way of the Gorge of Daryal to Tiflis in 1769 to deliver the Christian states of Georgia and Imeritia from the oppression of the Turks, he found nothing but a rough bridle-path. The Georgians were rescued from the Turkish peril, but the Persian reasserted itself, and in 1783 the Georgian Czar, Irakli II, appealed for aid to the great Christian Power of the North. Prince Potiomkin, the favourite of the Empress Catharine, instructed his cousin, Count Paul Potiomkin, who was then in command of the Russian troops in the Caucasus, to move southwards to Tiflis. Count Paul's first measure was to build the fort of Vladikavkaz ("The Warden of the Caucasus"), and his second to make a road. Eight hundred soldiers were employed on the work, and in October, 1783, Count Paul drove to Tiflis behind eight horses, the first man to make a carriage journey across the range.

The Russians are sorry to-day that the road has not been followed by a railway. The route has been surveyed for this purpose, but when the war began nothing had been done, and it was considered doubtful if the plan would ever be carried out. Consequently the army has had to depend upon one round-about line for railway transport to the Caucasian front, the line that runs east to the shore of the



A TRANSCAUCASIAN BULLOCK-CART.



Caspian Sea, doubles round the end of the mountains near Baku, and threads the valleys of Transcaucasia.

It is fortunate that Russia is not hampered to-day by a Caucasian rebellion. A rising on an extensive and serious scale, especially if the Baku railway had been cut, must have made an important difference to the course of the war, probably enabling the Turks to reach the objectives of Kutais and Tiflis at which they were aiming towards the end of 1914. Germany counted on the Mahommedan tribes at least for some useful disloyalty; but even the entrance of Turkey into the war did not move them, and their attitude seems to have been one of indifference. The Georgians are a people who, like the Scottish shepherd's dog, "can never get enuech o' fechtin'." Their ideas are still those of the sixteenth century, when warfare was the



HOW CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINEERS DISPOSE OF AN AVALANCHE.

A few minutes after I had that glimpse of the snowy height through the thinning veil of mist, our carriage, drawn



IN A TRANSCAUCASIAN VILLAGE.

first and greatest of occupations; and since they are the most numerous element among the Caucasian races, they form the most valuable of Russia's hitherto unused military assets. There is no reason why, as there are Cossacks of the Kuban and the Terek, there should not be also Cossacks of the Koura. This may be one of the developments of the near future. That such a disaster as a conflagration in the Caucasus did not occur is largely due to the sympathetic administration of the late Viceroy, Count Vorontsov-Dashkov, who found the district in a state of anarchy in 1905, when his term of office began; but he was able to report in 1913 that the people of the Caucasus were as loyal as those in the heart of the Empire, and that Turkish Armenians were clamouring for Russian protection. It seems as if they were going to get it—if there are any of them left.

by four horses harnessed abreast and manned by the "konduktor" who was to go all the way to Tiflis with us, and the



IN OLD TIFLIS.

driver who was to take us over the first stage, was at the hotel door, and soon the four wheels were rattling and the sixteen hoofs clattering over the cobbles of the Alexandrovsky Prospekt. Our "konduktor" added to the din by blowing his powerful horn to warn pedestrians off the street; but comparative quiet followed when we reached the beginning of the uncobbled road and, leaving the last straggling rows of wooden huts behind us, drove across the steppe towards the mountains.

Great precipices soon closed around us and we were within the long defile of the Terek, a narrow river of the colour

as alert as a hawk. On the first day he noticed that I photographed a passing motor car, and thereafter it was impossible for a car to come within sight either before or behind us without his calling out "Automobile! automobile!" and asking if he should stop the carriage, as if he thought that I had come to the Caucasus with the photographing of motor cars as a principal object. He anticipated our slightest needs, and whenever we strolled away from any of our stopping-places we could not go more than a few yards before he was following in our tracks, with the idea, I suppose, of seeing that we did not run into any sort of danger. The



A CAUCASIAN COSSACK (ON THE LEFT) AND A PEASANT.

of a glacier stream winding about in the midst of a wide bed of gravel. As we hastened on, desiring to pass through the Daryal Gorge and reach Kasbek before nightfall, our progress was obstructed by great flocks of sheep returning from the plains to the mountain pastures. They were so enormous that they did not resemble flocks as we know them in this country, but rather suggested race migrations. The men in charge of them were equally unlike our shepherds, not in size, but in dress—handsome Caucasian mountaineers wearing long tunics and coats and hats of sheepskin with the wool outside. One whom I photographed wore a moustache and short beard. He was very pleasant about the process to which I subjected him, but looked as if he had great reserves of ferocity, and I suspected that forty of him would have been a gang of brigands. A younger man, sitting under the lee of a shrub at the roadside, gloomed at me in an utterly immobile manner when I turned my camera upon him, and impressed me as a promising cut-throat.

It was not only at these wayside meetings that we saw such figures in their striking costumes. We had one sitting on the box in front of us all the time. Our "konduktor," Joseph Tatarashweli, was a fine example of the Georgian race, clad in a long grey woollen tunic with cartridge cases across the breast, long leather boots, and a black sheepskin hat, and wearing a dagger at his belt. He was as lithe as a cat and

Caucasus is not one of the most settled parts of the Russian Empire, and the Minister of the Interior had informed the military authorities at Vladikavkaz and Tiflis of our journey.

Tatarashweli never deviated from the bearing of a perfect gentleman. He was, moreover, a consummate *poseur*, and might have achieved a success on the stage or in the Diplomatic Service. He was an excellent subject for the camera, and I was struck by the readiness with which he entered into my ideas, as when he posed himself on the edge of a precipice in the attitude of a noble mountaineer meditating among his native crags on the greatness of his race. It seemed as if he had not often witnessed photographic operations before. Nothing escaped him, and he remarked that I seemed to think it best to have the sunshine at right angles to the line of vision!

"Konduktor," drivers and shepherds were all memorable figures. I retain also a vivid recollection of the sheep and the dogs. The most notable feature of the sheep is the buttocks, from which woolly, cushion-like lumps of fat depend. The sheep are usually white with fawn-coloured feet and ears.

Mingled with the flocks there is, as a rule, a considerable proportion of goats of a most majestic bearing and of all possible colours and mixtures, with horns sweeping or twisting in all directions. The dogs are large, wolf-like, and even more ferocious-looking than the fiercest of their masters.



AT KOBI, THE LAST IMPERIAL POSTING STATION ON THE EUROPEAN SIDE OF THE CAUCASUS.



Although the mountains on both sides of the Terek were of an inexpressible grandeur, the shepherds and their flocks were a constant distraction. It was otherwise, however, when we came to the Gorge of Daryal.

This is probably the most appalling gorge through which any road in the whole world runs, and we went through it by night. We had spent much time in stoppages by the way, and when we reached the station of Lars no fresh relay of horses was obtainable. The postmaster explained that we had come too late in the day. We did not believe that he was sorry not to be able to oblige us and thought that he was anxious to retain us as guests over the night. Lars, however, is not one of the stopping-places recommended to travellers, and we tried to induce the driver who had brought us over the last stage to go on with us to Kasbek. He refused to do this, and it may have been against the regulations, but I doubt this. We urged the matter, and a little crowd of the riff-raff of Vladikavkaz, who, as the day was a holiday, had driven out to Lars in their light carts, gathered around us to listen to the argument. They encouraged the driver to adhere to his refusal, and did not conceal their glee at our discomfiture when he rode away with his team. The motive of their partisanship appeared a few minutes later when they came forward with an offer to harness their horses to our carriage and take us on to Kasbek for a few roubles. Tatarashweli was obviously unwilling to accept their help, and we ourselves had not been agreeably impressed by their scurvy attitude, and the offer was declined. We waited in hope of the arrival of a relay, and the hope was fulfilled at the end of two hours, as darkness was falling.

In ancient times the Gorge of Daryal was practically impassable, at least for armies. It is identified with the *Porta Caspia* and the *Porta Caucasica* of the Romans. The Scythians turned back baffled from the northern end, and the Greeks from the southern. Avalanches descended into its depths as if out of the skies; falls of rock and ice were frequent; and it was in the face of such perils that the road was made at last by the Russians. Both the road and the river are narrow, and the two walls of rock forming the gorge are so close together that there is room for nothing else. As for the height of the walls, it is somewhere about 6,000ft. When you look upwards you see a narrow strip of sky and have an uncomfortable feeling as if the bottom had fallen out of

the world and you had descended with it to some immeasurable depth. As your carriage rattles along under the echoing rocks you almost wonder that the horses have the nerve to hold steadily on.

The gorge winds. This adds to your sense of having been finally shut in and battened down, for as you follow each of the curves you seem to be driving straight against a colossal wall, at the bottom of which everything must founder. The moon rose. A faint light fell along the tops of the precipices a mile above our heads, and the zone, as it deepened, instead of coming like a message of hope to prisoners of despair, heightened the *diablerie* of the scene. It showed that the great rock faces, which had presented themselves dimly so far amid the darkness, were real, and that there was to be no evading their stupendous threat.

The river Terek, a winding, convulsed ribbon of foam raging among its boulders and skirting steep crags, was the most luminous detail. Tearing down a bed that seemed far below the surface of the kindly earth, it must have come, one thought, from some infernal fountain rather than from honest hillside springs. One of the crags past which it storms is surmounted by the ruins of an ancient castle, the abode of Queen Tamara, one of Lermontov's legendary subjects. The popular story does not appear in "The Demon." It is that Tamara was a lady of peerless beauty who attracted an unrelenting succession of lovers, and that as she tired of each she had him hurled into the river. The legend is too trivial for the place. It is impossible to imagine the legend that would not be.

Soon after passing Tamara's Castle we should have caught a glimpse, had there been daylight, of the Dyevdorak glacier descending on the right and Mount Kasbek behind it; but as it was we were conscious only of the muffled immensities immediately around us and of the roaring of the river blending as a deep undertone with the noise of the carriage. Then there came a moment when we seemed to be breathing an ampler air; the road crossed the river and began to climb high above its level on the other side; a wide abyss was dimly apparent on our left, and we understood that we had escaped from the gorge.

There came another moment when we saw red lights shining in front of us; again we clattered along a bridge, and in a minute or two were alighting at Kasbek posting station.

## CLIFF AND MOUNTAIN

**M**R. MAURICE BARING is one of the little band of Englishmen who for many years past have acted as interpreters of Russian thought to their home-keeping countrymen. He has been a wanderer in many lands, often in obscure regions closed to the usual sources of information. It says much for the intimacy of his knowledge of our literature that "out of reach of books and bookshops" he was able to compile the interesting little anthology which he has published through Humphrey Milford under the title of "English Landscape." One turns the leaves and wonders what memories of landscape and what descriptions of them would be most vivid at a time of similar exile. The seriousness of the moment would only make the process more serious and intense. "Who may sing," asked Charles Kingsley in a poem published during the war of 1870, "while yonder cannon thunders boom?"

Though the noise of warfare is louder and more terrible to-day, we know that the soldier seeks distraction in remembered verse at the moment of utmost peril. In ordinary times the sojourner abroad most readily recalls the scenes of his own childhood, most likely a home in rural England with plantations round it, little brooks, ponds, a river, mayhap, too, a gorse covert, a bit of moorland. But to-day the individual is lost in the patriot. England itself is home, and far away the mind instinctively reverts to those great landscapes that stamp the individuality of the country. In an eminent degree this is embodied in the remarkable photograph of a sea cliff which the artist has felicitously termed "Albion." A tall white cliff, with strata laid bare to the bones by the winds and weather of æons, rising sheer out of the waters and not unmarked by a certain elegance, it strikes the imagination at once as the conception in stone of what England stands for. Turmoil and storm often enough beat about its base and those watching it

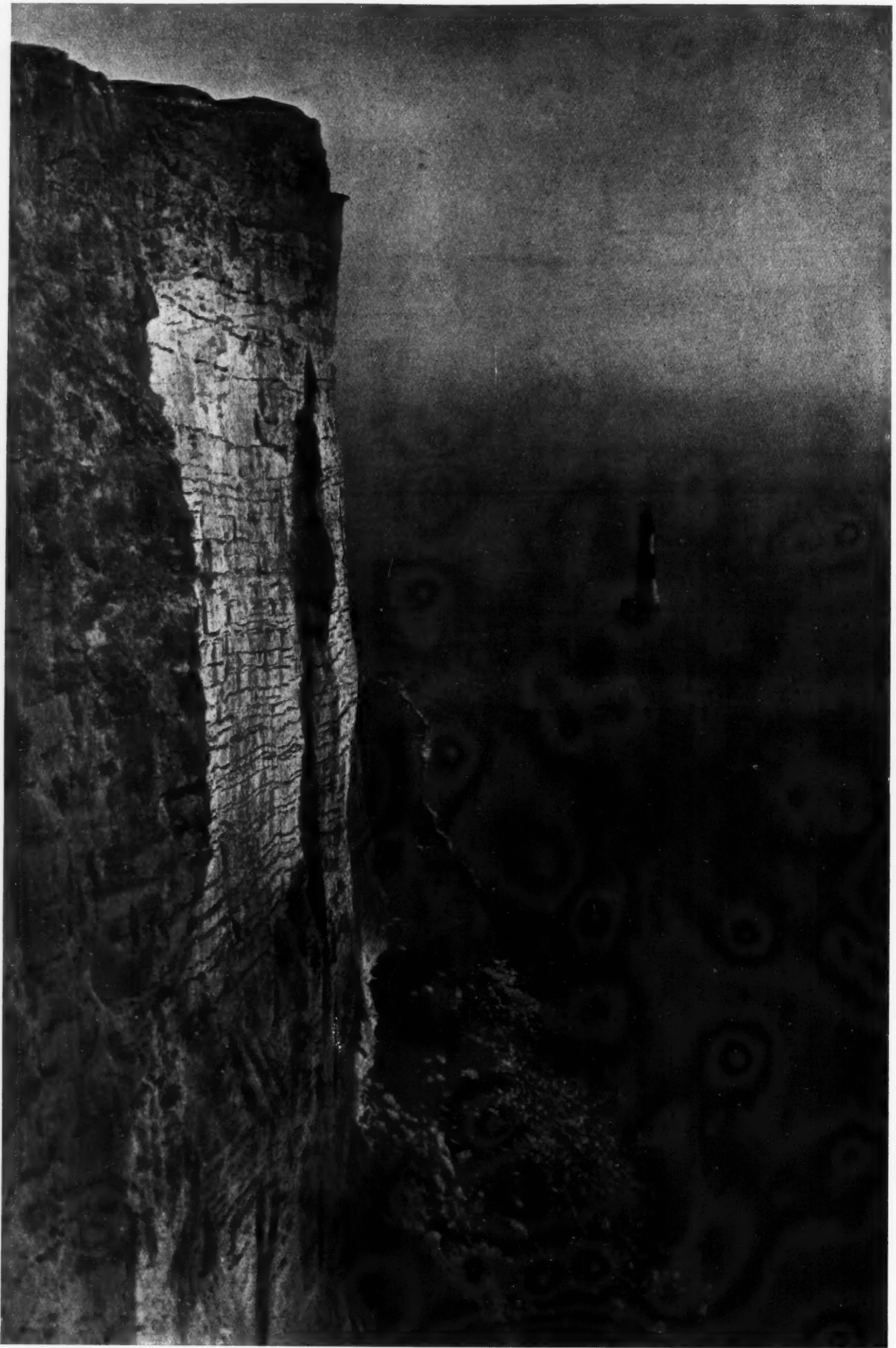
while the thundering waves throw themselves against its vastness might well try to reckon the centuries it will take to wear it away. For the idea of strength has that of decay indelibly imprinted on it. "O earth, what changes hast thou seen!"

There rolls the deep where grew the tree  
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!  
There where the long street roars, hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
And dream my dream, and hold it true;  
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
I cannot think the thing farewell.

It is a trite saying that nothing is really unchangeable, but if the British Empire stands as long as the rock in this picture, it will not have much reason to complain of shortness of life. The cliff awakens a thousand memories. Practically speaking, there is not an Englishman who does not know the sea. It flows round the whole of the country, and cliff, port and fishing village, if they do not occur in rhythmical order, are at least distributed roughly over all the coast. The general lie of the country is a low shore fronting the North Sea and a rocky barrier of mountains on the West. But this is a broad generalisation which does not prevent the occurrence of noble cliffs on the East Coast of England and Scotland, and of level, sandy beaches on the West. The chalk cliff, however, belongs essentially to the South. Grey and beautiful it looks over the waters of the Channel while northward, especially in Scotland, dark jagged rocks

*F. J. Mortimer.*

ALBION.

*Copyright.*



form a shore that would be inhospitable but for the many coves, estuaries and natural harbours which offer shelter and hospitality. Yet in spite of its forbidding character it does not suggest such an impregnable barrier to the sea as does the southern cliff. The one stands serene, unbroken, invincible. The riven, wave-lashed crags of the other are eloquent of furious strife.

The other picture we show is equally characteristic, although very different from the sea view. It is that of mountainous country ploughed into a ravine by the attrition

or women, have by many years of acquaintance learned to love the bracing air of the hills, the smell of the heather, and the tinkle of the little brooks that tumble as they run. In the days when holiday-making was accepted as a matter of course, there was very often an inward dispute as to whether the seaside or the mountainside should be the place of resort, and some of the more popular places in the United Kingdom are those in the West of Scotland which unite the majesty of the hill with the charm of the sea. It is hopeless for anyone to try to express the charm of the hills as well as Elizabeth



Frederick H. Evans.

THE HIGH MOORS.

Copyright.

of water such as a brook flowing down between successive valleys. Great Britain is not a mountainous country in the Continental sense of the word. Indeed, the Southern part of the island, that on which London is situated, has only low, swelling hills that make no great impression on the eye of an observer looking from any distance. We say that without in the slightest degree underestimating the peculiar charm of the Chiltern Hills, the Malvern Hills, the Cotswolds and all those other low ridges with their wide spaces and pleasant valleys. But in size these eminences are insignificant as compared with the Welsh or Scottish mountains. In Wales and Scotland we have true mountain scenery, although on a scale that is miniature compared with what is to be seen in Switzerland or even in the Carpathians. But the affection of England has gone out strongly to these native hills. It may almost be said to be divided between them and the sea. For one thing, the high moors have an association with sport, and what we may call the non-combatant members of a family, who accompany the sportsmen either as children

Barrett Browning did in a poem to which Mr. Baring gives a very prominent place in his book.

And when at last  
Escaped, so many a green slope built on slope  
Betwixt me and the enemy's house behind,  
I dared to rest, or wander, in a rest  
Made sweeter for the step upon the grass,  
And view the ground's most gentle dimplement  
(As if God's finger touched but did not press  
In making England), such an up and down  
Of verdure,—nothing too much up and down,  
A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky  
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb;  
Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,  
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;  
And open pastures where you scarcely tell  
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals  
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out  
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade,—  
I thought my father's land was worthy too  
Of being my Shakespeare's.



## MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN

BY C. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D.

**I**N the dawn of Russian history, when vast forests hindered migration and the rivers were the highways of commerce, Moscow—a village of log huts at the meeting point of the Moskva and the Neglinaia rivers—was a mere halting-place for traders between the Baltic and the

Black Sea, and the summer camping ground of a Prince of Suzdal named Yuri Dolgoruki. Yuri was a grandson on the maternal side of Harold II of England. It is said he possessed himself of the Kremlin site and the neighbouring villages by putting to death the overlord, Stephen Kuchko. The head of Kuchko holds a place in Muscovite tradition somewhat similar to the "bleeding head" of the Roman Capitol, and was cited as an augury of the future greatness of Moscow.

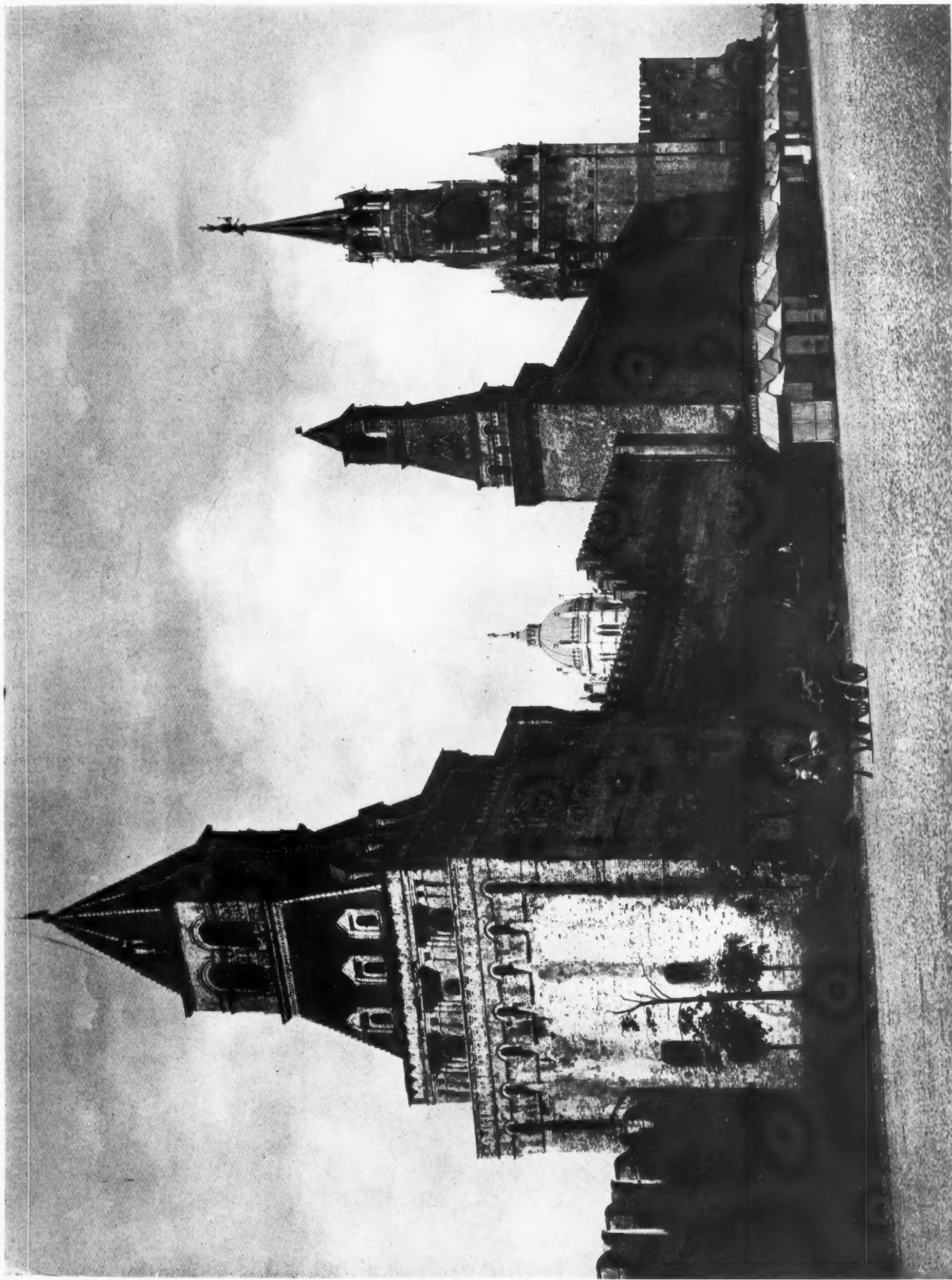
When Yuri feasted his kinsman Oleg of Novgorod upon the Kremlin hill in the twelfth century the village of Moscow was enclosed by a tall oaken palisade and was surrounded by dense pine woods. It is related in the Russian chronicles that when the princes of Kiev and

Moscow made war upon each other, their armies were sometimes lost in the forest and sought vainly to come to blows. But the large rivers in the neighbourhood of Moscow made it a centre of trade, especially in winter when these rivers were icebound, and became smooth, hard roads for sledges laden with merchandise. At the same time, it was easy for raiders to come by water, and the early history of Moscow is an endless repetition of sieges and burnings, while the wooden city with its pine-hewn palaces and churches slowly

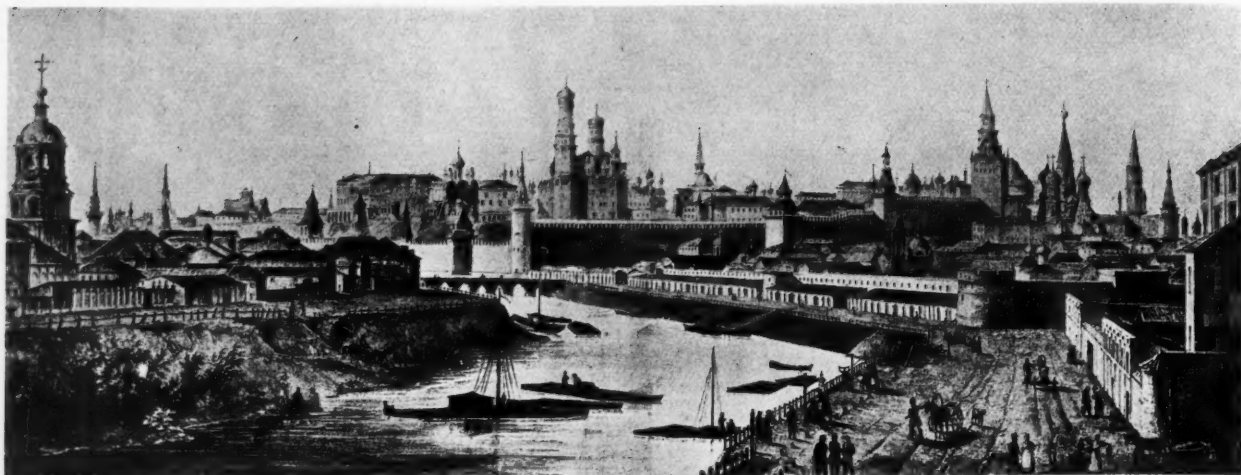


THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.





WALLS AND TOWERS OF THE KREMLIN.



THE KREMLIN IN 1825.

grew into a city of stone, of copper cupolas and gates of bronze.

Descriptions of Moscow in the Middle Ages show that its outward aspect has changed but little in the course of the last five centuries. The first distant view of the city made a vivid impression on the mediæval traveller. If he approached it across the Sparrow Hills from the south he beheld a dark mass of wooden houses huddled together beside the River Moskva. Above them rose the great white bell-tower of Ivan Veliky, and around it, on the high ground, stood a group of churches, also in white stone and crowned with green, blue, or golden domes and spires. In summertime the gardens of the Kremlin, the public pleasure grounds, and the orchards and large demesnes of the monasteries, added greatly to the beauty of the city. Some of the most ancient monasteries stand within the precincts of the Kremlin, but the greater number lie in a wide, irregular circle which marks the mediæval limits of Moscow. They served originally as fortresses and royal treasure-houses, and also as residences for the ruling family. Upon entering Moscow the effect of these fine buildings was greatly marred by the squalor of the narrow side streets and the mud and filth of the roads. In the words of a traveller of those days: "I beheld from afar a wonderful Jerusalem and now I am come into Bethlehem." But the Kremlin, the heart and crown of the city, effaced all previous disappointment.

On entering its gates one leaves the twentieth century behind. The tragic story of the past blots out the present, and calls up scenes of bloodshed, tortures, fire and plague, amid surroundings of princely splendour. It recalls the period of Tartar supremacy, when Grand Dukes, Princes, Czars even, paid tribute to the Khans. It reminds one that the Poles once held the sacred citadel and endured a protracted siege before they could be dislodged; and there are still evidences, though few, of the brief occupation by the French in 1812.

Throughout the troubled story of Moscow the Church fostered the courage of the citizens and also gathered strength to herself. The Cathedral of the Assumption (Uspenski Sobor), of which the first wooden structure was built by Ivan I at the behest of the Metropolitan Peter, has been at various periods stripped of its treasures, but one may still see among the sacred relics, cased in gold and adorned with splendid jewels, the revered icon known as the Virgin of Vladimir. The possession of this icon marked the beginning of the supremacy of Moscow as the capital not only of the Principality of Moscow, but of the whole of Russia. The Uspensky Cathedral is usually regarded as the most important of the churches of Moscow. There the Czars are crowned and there some of the greatest of the patriarchs are buried, but in one respect it must give the place of honour to a comparatively small, low-built edifice



THE KREMLIN FROM MOSCOW RIVER.



which stands in the centre of the inner square of the Kremlin. This is the *Spass na Boru* (Our Saviour's in the Wood), the oldest church in Moscow, a relic of the days when the Kremlin was but a village in a forest of pines.

In 1472 the foreign element in Moscow was increased by the marriage of Ivan III with the Byzantine Princess Sophia. Besides causing an influx of Greek and Italian artists and men of learning, Sophia is credited with rousing

ancient customs and chose their consorts exclusively from among their own people. The Czaritza and the wives of the boyars had hardly any more liberty than the ladies of a Turkish harem.

Professional men, such as doctors, fared badly in Moscow in the Middle Ages. Even ambassadors were subjected to insults and humiliations. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, however, a change took place, due principally to



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

the Czar to active resentment of the Tartar yoke. The yearly tribute hitherto paid to the Khans was discontinued, and from that time forward the Grand Duke of Moscow was described in treaties with foreign countries as "the Czar of All Russ." He became an autocratic ruler and no longer sought the assent of the boyars (nobles) to his actions. Until this reign Russian princes rarely visited or had intercourse with foreign countries; they adhered rigidly to

the influence of the Empress Sophia, who had spent her girlhood in Rome and had a European reputation for wit and intelligence.

It was long before the builders of Moscow sought materials more durable than the forest trees which grew ready to their hands, but in the fourteenth century, after a fire had almost completely destroyed the Kremlin, a wall of stone was raised around it and several of the churches



CATHEDRAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.



THE HOLY ENTRANCE TO THE KREMLIN.



were rebuilt in stone and brick, notably the Uspensky Cathedral. The Russian bricklayers were not equal to their novel task. The mortar they used had no binding power and their walls fell to pieces. Fioraventi, the Italian architect summoned by Ivan III, demolished the crumbling walls of the Uspensky Cathedral in as many days as they had taken years to build, and raised them again upon secure foundations. The Cathedral, though many times burnt to the ground, still retains the main features given to it by Fioraventi, and also the ancient gates of gilded bronze at the southern entrance to the Cathedral. On these gates, which are called "the golden gates of Korsoun," the figures of Homer and Plato stand side by side with the apostles.

The great fresco painter Theofan Grek settled in Moscow during the reign of Ivan III, besides many workers in metal, bell founders and icon painters; so that Moscow rose to supremacy not only as the political capital of Russia, but as the home of learning and the arts. During the greater

luminous eyes of the Czar," and hailed him with shouting. In 1698 Peter the Great complied for the last time with this ancient custom, for which he substituted thenceforward the Western festival of New Year's Day.

In course of time the Grand Square on the east of the Kremlin became more popular than the Cathedral Square (Ivanovskaya) for the transaction of public business, and it also became then the place of execution and of many religious ceremonials. In the Grand Square there is one edifice which immediately attracts one's eyes—the strange, fantastic church which is generally known to Russians as the Vasily Blageny. It stands almost opposite to the famous Spasski Gate of the Kremlin—which no man passes through without raising his hat—and it faces straight down the length of the Grand Square. It is not alone the singular shapes of its eleven domes, but the brilliant effect of the colouring—green and gold predominate—which make it unique, even in Russia. It commemorates the victory of Ivan the Terrible over the Tartars at Kazan, and it also



BELL TOWER OF JOHN THE GREAT.

part of the fourteenth century the Kremlin was the centre of the social life of the city. The Ivanovskaya, the large square in front of the Uspensky Cathedral and the Ivan Veliky bell-tower, was the general meeting place where the boyars and leading citizens came together to hear the news and discuss the affairs of the day. There, under the shadow of the Ivan Veliky, the lawyers congregated. It was also a meeting place for bankrupts and their creditors. On such occasions the defaulter ran the risk of being deprived of his hat. This signified that he could no longer obtain credit. It was a bitter reproach to say to a man: "Your father's hat was taken off in the Square."

To return to the Kremlin. Of all the ceremonies that took place in the Ivanovskaya, probably the most imposing was that which was held on St. Simeon's Day, when the Czar was wont to sit upon a throne in the full splendour of his Imperial regalia and, surrounded by his boyars, to receive the blessing of the Metropolitan or Patriarch. The citizens thronged the square so that they might "see the

preserves the name of the mendicant monk Vasili, who is buried in the church—the one man who might admonish and upbraid the terrible Ivan with impunity.

Of Ivan it must at least be said that his religious fervour was sincere. He freed Russia from the Tartar tyranny, and he was the first Russian Grand Duke to fight the Swedes. Moscow during his reign became a magnet to which foreign embassies were drawn, and English commerce established a first footing there. The Russia Company originated from the failure of a voyage of discovery. In 1553 three vessels set out from England to find a north-west passage to China and India. Two of them were lost, but the third ship, the *Bonaventura*, reached the coast of Russia, and the captain, one Richard Chancellor, landed with some of his companions and made his way to Moscow. There he was received by Ivan with friendliness and hospitality, and given permission to trade with Russia. A few years later, Captain Chancellor revisited Moscow, this time as an accredited envoy, and obtained a charter for the Company and permission to build

British factories near Archangel. Thus the first Russia Company was founded.

Ivan was much impressed with the power and wisdom of Queen Elizabeth; he treated her envoys with a consideration he seldom showed to foreign ambassadors, and it is said that he was desirous of wedding an Englishwoman, but no lady of Elizabeth's Court was willing for the adventure. In matrimonial affairs Ivan had acquired the reputation of a Bluebeard; to the boyars he was capricious and cruel; but he had many of the qualities of a great ruler. Despot but also patriot, he raised Moscow to supremacy over the other cities and provinces of Russia. His religious zeal appealed to the people in ways they could understand. He lavished the spoils of war on churches and monasteries and spent hours daily in prayer, when he would strike his forehead repeatedly on the ground so that it became bruised and discoloured. Though he played the tyrant in dealing with the nobles, he sought the goodwill of the citizens of Moscow with festivals and shows, and his popularity was broad based on his success in battle against the foes of Russia.

Of the various innovations encouraged by Ivan none can be accounted so momentous as the setting-up of the first Russian printing press. In 1533 "The Acts of the Apostles" was issued from the building in Nikolsky Street, which, despite many restorations, retains to this day some of the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages. Printing was therefore introduced into Russia 120 years after it was known in England. Before this Slavonic literature was confined to books of religion, sport and housewifery. By far the most interesting of the secular manuscripts was the *Domostroy*, or House Book, of Silvester. Silvester was a monk who, for a short time, had an influence for good over Ivan the Terrible. During that period he compiled this moral code, which touches upon every aspect of a man's life—as citizen, husband and father. The first fifteen chapters are devoted to religious observances; next comes a multitude of rules relating to domestic life—the duties of the wife towards her husband and her household are set forth in the most circumstantial way. The position of

women in Moscow at this period is summed up in the following extract: "If a wife does not live according to her husband's precepts he ought to punish her privately, but there should never be anger between them. If her crime is serious, he may take off her shift and, holding her by the hand, politely chastise her"! The teaching of girls consisted simply in learning prayers by heart and embroidery and other forms of household work. They were taught to weave linen and make garments for their dowry: "To add gradually to their store, for it is the duty of daughters to learn the fear of God and polite manners, and to add to their dowry, that when the husband is chosen all may be in readiness." This extract serves to throw into strong contrast the careers of the Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine.

Close to the Vasily Blagenny there is a small, round stone platform. This "Lobnoe Mesto" links up the past with the present and bears witness to the stormy history of Moscow more vividly than any other spot in the city. Here Ivan the Terrible kissed the ground and swore solemnly to safeguard his people; and here the victims of his fury met their doom. Here the false Dmitry made good his cause before the assembled citizens, and here his mutilated body lay after death. The Czar's heir was shown here to the citizens when he came to the age of sixteen, to guard against imposture, and here were piled up the heads of the rebellious



ROYAL BODYGUARDS, XVI AND XVII CENTURIES.

Strelzy, executed by Peter the Great. The Patriarchs of the Greek church blessed the people from this tribune, and the Czar's decrees were published from it. But of all the events of historic interest and importance connected with the Lobnoe Mesto, perhaps the greatest was the election of the Czar Mikhail Romanov. This took place in the year 1613, twenty years from the death of Ivan the Terrible.

In the late autumn of 1612 the Muscovites re-entered the Kremlin, which had been in the possession of the Poles for about three years. After a short period of feasting they sent out messengers to summon the electors to assemble in Moscow to decide upon a new Czar. Chief among the candidates was young Michael Feodor Romanov, a direct descendant of Anastasia, the good and gentle first wife of





CZAR MICHAEL FEDOROVICH.

Ivan IV. But Michael was not entirely acceptable to the powerful boyars, who would have preferred the choice to fall on one of themselves. Sigismund, King of Poland, was also averse from any native prince succeeding to the throne of Muscovy. Agreement appeared hopeless until February 21st, 1613, when the question was put to the people who had come into Moscow from all the outlying districts to record their vote. They thronged the Grand Square, surrounding the Lobnoe Mesto where the Patriarch stood, and in answer to the question, "Who do you wish to have for your Czar?" cried out with one voice, "We wish for Mikhail Feodorovich Romanov." An embassy went to Mikhail with the offer of the throne. He was found in the great monastery of Kostroma on the banks of the Volga, whither he had fled to escape from the emissaries of the King of Poland who sought to kill him. It is said that he escaped their hands through the self-sacrifice of a peasant; a subject upon which Glinka wrote his famous opera, "Life for the Czar." From Mikhail's marriage with his second wife, Eudoxia, the present Czar is directly descended. The house in which Mikhail's grandfather lived may still be seen in Moscow as an example of a Czar's mansion in the seventeenth century. It overlooks the River Moskva and is externally picturesque. Few houses of that period now remain to tell the tale of ancient Moscow. Even the gardens and orchards of those days have all but disappeared. The grand Palace of the Kremlin, the residence of the Czar when he visits Moscow, occupies the site of the ancient mediæval palace of the Czars, but has been many times rebuilt. Where the great Foundling Hospital now fronts the Moskva, the beautiful Vasilievsky gardens formerly sloped down to the river, at the point where the Yauz falls into the larger stream. They are said to date from the time of Vasily, son of the victorious Czar Dmitry Donskoi, in the fourteenth century. In later days they owed much to the fostering care of the great horticulturist, Demidov, who brought rare flowers and birds from England and Holland.

Among the demesnes which have been absorbed by the city was Annengrove, the favourite residence of the Empress Anna, afterwards rebuilt by Peter and Catherine in turn, and renamed the Golovinsky Palace. It is said that the Empress Anna, having remarked how greatly an avenue of trees would add to her pleasure in the heat of summer, awoke a few mornings later to find that her wish had been gratified by a feat of transplantation. Be that as it may, it is certain that Anna spent large sums in procuring shrubs and plants from distant places, in making ponds and stocking them with fish. Peter and Catherine preferred this country abode to being pent up in the Kremlin; but Catherine eventually converted the Golovinsky Palace into a military school, for, like Peter, she came seldom to Moscow. When she did come, however, she entered the city in state and

was welcomed with splendid *fêtes*, and the Kolomensky Palace was built for her reception after a journey through her Empire. From each disastrous siege or conflagration it seemed to rise up, as Catherine herself said, "like a phoenix from its ashes," the buildings more costly and beautiful, the people more wealthy, more energetic in commerce or the pursuit of pleasure.

The Russian stage owes its actual beginnings to the Czar Alexis and his friend and counsellor, Artemon Matveev. The wife of Matveev was a Scotch lady whose maiden name was Hamilton, and it was in this household that Alexis met his future wife, the mother of Peter the Great. When Matveev set about arranging a theatrical performance to amuse the Czar he despatched messengers to Germany to find suitable performers, and in the meantime the Czar commanded that a "comedy" should be given founded on the story of the Book of Esther. A theatre was built accordingly in the Preobrajensky village, the summer residence of the Emperor, and a capable stage manager was discovered in the person of Pastor Gottfried Gregory. In the course of five months he succeeded in training a troupe of actors, and preparing the necessary costumes and scenery. On October 17th, 1672, the Czar attended the first representation of "Esther," and sat out a performance which is said to have lasted ten hours! As a reward for his labours Gregory received a present of costly sabres valued in those days at 108 roubles. Shortly afterwards, a theatre was built in Moscow itself, and several other biblical pieces were produced, followed,



ARMOUR OF A FOOT SOLDIER BETWEEN THE XVI AND XVII CENTURIES.

some three years later, by historical plays and light comedies, such as "Venus and Bacchus." The actors, with few exceptions, were Germans, for the great histrionic talent of the Russians was slow in revealing itself. Some of the first plays were acted by students in the monastic schools, and these young men afterwards roamed about the country, going from one nobleman's house to another, and taking with them sacks full of puppets.

The development of literature in Russia was equally belated, and, as we all know, has been even more remarkable. The first printers in Moscow had to flee to Lithuania to escape from popular fury. The new invention was looked on as dangerous and heretical, and it was not till the seventeenth century that school-books were published in Russia. Single sheets with short stories, ballads and pictures, however, soon became popular with the poorer classes. They were hawked by pedlars at fairs and continue to this day

to be sold in quantities on the open-air stalls of Moscow. Almost simultaneously with the art of printing the art of engraving developed in Russia. In its simplest form it was circulated in broadsheets called bark pictures. They were coloured by a simple form of stencil cut in pieces of bark, and were executed in large quantities in the villages round Moscow in the eighteenth century. Among the few historical events chosen for illustration were the siege of Belgrade and the inroads of the Tartars. Alexander of Macedonia is depicted leading his warriors against the King of Judæa, and Ivan the Terrible in conflict with the Poles. Strange beasts and birds with women's heads were favourite subjects. They were usually related to some antique legend, half Pagan half Christian. The examples which may now be found on stalls along the outer wall of Moscow are confined to religious subjects and are no longer the working man's sole form of literature.

## WHY WE WANT CONSTANTINOPLE

### THE CASE AGAINST THE TURK

BY A RUSSIAN.



CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS CHURCH.

**W**E do not want Constantinople for trading purposes. The Russians were never a trading nation, and I suppose never will be. We never had a fleet of trading vessels worthy of the name, and never will have one big enough to minister to the needs of a nation of more than 150 millions and growing every day. If some of our trading groups consider the capture of Constantinople as a favourable turning point for the extension of their business, these groups are very few in number, and their influence on the Russian market is very slight. The chief foreign trade carried on by Russians runs along Continental lines towards the Far East, towards China and in the direction of Northern Persia. Only a third part of the grain export goes through the Black Sea ports and is carried on by foreign steamers, chiefly

British. The rest, the bulk of the grain export, takes the road of the Baltic Sea, just as the meat, butter and eggs exported. Trading purposes are quite a minor consideration in this question, and we could expand our trade, if we wanted, just as well without Constantinople as with it.

We do not want Constantinople for colonisation purposes, nor for territorial expansion. Russia has enough land in her Eastern provinces and in Siberia to feed half a milliard of men for a long time to come, and much more than a century will pass by before our population will attain this figure. We want no territorial expansion, and if we required it we could find it in other places.

We do not want Constantinople to command the road from the West to the East, for the simple reason that Constantinople is not situated on the Mediterranean and does





THE GREAT NAVE OF SAINT SOPHIA.

not command this road. For our own trading purposes we have a very good road to the East through Siberia, and we have a good port on the Eastern sea route—Vladivostok. The command of the Mediterranean is in the hands of the British Navy, just as the command of all the other seas in the world. We are not silly enough to suppose that in our case, as confirmed landlubbers, we could at any time compete with Great Britain for the rule of the waves. If such a competition ever arises, it will not come from Russia.

No; we do not want Constantinople to command the road from the West to the East. But we do want Constantinople for other reasons. First of all, we want it for the safety of our country. Constantinople is the key to the Black Sea. Astride of the Bosphorus, a comparatively narrow channel, it closes the entrance to the Black Sea, bordered by Russia's richest, most fertile Southern provinces. The danger of an invasion through the Black Sea has always been present to the Russian mind. We have constantly to keep a strong defensive army in these provinces, we have continually been spending millions of money for the upkeep of our Southern fortresses. If we get Constantinople all this waste of money and men will be stopped. We shall have only one point to keep and defend in the South instead of dozens of such points. We shall be safe as long as Constantinople remains in our hands.

Secondly, we want Constantinople as a compensation for our territorial losses. Very few people seem to comprehend that even in case of victory (I do not speak of defeat—defeat is impossible) Russia will be materially a loser. She has already to give over her ten Polish provinces to Poland. They are the richest manufacturing provinces of Russia, the provinces of Moscow and Vladimir excepted. All the profit gathered from these provinces will go, Russian territory will be curtailed to a very great extent, the population of Russia will be diminished by about twelve millions.

Of her conquests (if any) Russia will have to hand over to Rumania the province of Bukovina. As a matter of fact she has done it already. She has the hope of retaining only a part of Galicia inhabited by Russians for herself, if she gets it, the other part going also to Poland. There are three Galician provinces. Subtracted from the ten Polish provinces of Russia going over to Poland it will leave a clear loss of seven rich, fertile provinces and of about ten millions of men. The conquest even of the whole of

poor mountainous Armenia with her two millions of inhabitants can never cover this loss. The first thing that the Russians will have to do in Armenia after the war will be to spend money by millions to help the starving population. Long years must pass before the country can flourish.

No; Armenia cannot be considered a compensation for the loss of the Polish provinces. A beggar's pouch is no compensation for the loss of a millionaire's safe. The only territorial compensation more or less equalising our territorial loss would be Constantinople, not only because it is the key to the Black Sea, but also because it is the goal for which we have fought for centuries, the ideal for which the Russians have longed always since Russia began to exist.

And here comes the third, the last and the chief, reason why we want Constantinople. Constantinople is the cradle of our religion. We got our Faith from Constantinople, when she was still Byzantium. A thousand years ago we called Constantinople "Czargrad," the Czar, the King, the Lord among towns, and all the Slavs and all the Russians know it under this name. We have suffered more than anybody else from the rape of Constantinople by the Osmons, or Turks. Four centuries we have fought with the Turks, pressing them back gradually, liberating, one after the other, from their yoke the countries inhabited by our brethren, the Slavs. We are fighting them now again, and we hope it is our last fight. The liberation of Constantinople will crown the secular efforts of Russia, of the Russian people, and it will bring them to the cradle of their Faith.

There is no Russian peasant, the most illiterate, who has not heard about Czargrad and St. Sophia, who does not long to see the Golden Cross (supplanted now by the Crescent) shine again over the dome of this splendid cathedral of orthodox Christianity. Generation after generation of Russians has dreamed of the moment when the Cross will be replaced on this church, when the first Christian service will be held again in the Cathedral of St. Sophia under the splendid dome, unique in the world, which has outlived centuries of feud and destruction and which has defied earthquakes by scores.

The goal is in view. We are nearing it now. It seems impossible that we should not attain it. Failure in this case would be the most cruel deception ever experienced by the Russian people.





## RUSSIAN SPORT AND SPORTSMEN

BY A. RADKERITCH, MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL DUMA.

**I**N Russia shooting and hunting differ greatly from the same sports in Western Europe. They still retain much of their primitive attraction. Animals and birds lead a free, happy life in the Northern Provinces of Russia and Siberia, where boundless forests and immense rivers, surrounded by endless prairies overgrown by impassable scrub, offer a sanctuary for all manner of game.

Game is still so numerous in Russia, particularly in the provinces of Archangel, Wologda, Olonetz, and also in some parts of Siberia, that shooting is looked upon as a

The beavers of Kamchatka have no rivals either for the beauty of their colouring or thickness of their fur, but the present war will unfortunately leave an imperishable trace on this branch of Russian sport and industry. The disappearance of our famous auroch (*Bos Bison*) at the same time will deal a blow to one of the few remaining prehistoric animals. It is indeed difficult to believe that the modern Huns, having conquered the forests of Belovieg, would spare their majestic inhabitants. Even if some of these unique animals are saved to be sent to the banks of the



WINTER IN RUSSIA.

profession, and one out of which a population lives exclusively on the income from it. Russian furs are universally famous. Who does not know the Russian squirrels, Arctic fox, beavers, sables, and especially the silver fox which, negligently thrown over the shoulders of pretty women, serves to finish off any Paris toilette? The rapid disappearance of the sable, owing to the enormous demand for its fur, made it necessary, five or six years ago, to frame special laws for its protection, and already a marked change for the better has been observed.

Spree as a special trophy, they will certainly not live long in captivity, far from their virgin forests and glorious freedom.

The forests of Belovieg, as well as Spala and Skernieviz, belong to the Imperial Domains. For many centuries hunting has been the favourite sport of the Czars. Czar Alexis was a great lover of falconry, and up to now this sport has been kept up in the trans-Caspian Provinces and the Kalmyk steppes. The Empress Elizabeth used to organise brilliant hunting parties in the neighbourhood of Gatchina, near Petrograd, and the Emperor Alexander II

was a passionate sportsman and loved bear hunting best of all.

Our present Ruler and his only brother, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, are also very keen on bear shooting and are first class shots. The Imperial shooting grounds are situated near Gatchina. The Grand Duke Nicolas, present Viceroy of the Caucasus, has the best pack of hounds in Russia; his borzois are unrivalled in speed, strength and beauty. In Russia we have a very large and interesting literature on all that concerns hunting and shooting. Our best writers, such as Tourgénéff, Aksakoff and Tolstoy, dedicated many wonderful tales to the description of this sport, and the Emperor Alexander II never parted with Tourgénéff's famous book, "A Sportsman's Sketches." It is interesting to note that this book, written before the freedom of the serfs (1861), most certainly had an influence on the liberal mind of our great Emperor. The memorable act of the suppression of serfdom was in some respects due to the talented pen of the liberal author-huntsman, as these pages contained many lovely descriptions

voice. The huntsman must then seize his opportunity and hurry forward towards the bird till he gets near enough to shoot. If by chance the sportsman is not quick enough and the bird, finishing his song, detects the presence of a human being, he rises and flies away so swiftly that in the dim morning light there is no possibility of hitting him. All these circumstances lend a particular charm to capercaillie shooting.

Another curious and special spring shoot is that of the moor-cock (a sort of grouse), which also takes place at or before dawn. The birds have a habit of meeting in certain places. One of these is noted and a small hut built there out of dry branches for the sportsman to hide in. The first moor-cock to appear must never be shot. It is the leader, whose loud call soon brings up hundreds of others from all parts of the forest. This shoot often results in an enormous bag, the only difficulty lying in calculating the right distance in the uncertain light. The shoot finishes with the last days of spring, as in summer the moor-cocks discontinue their queer rendezvous and are then most difficult



OUT FOR PREY.

of the Russian country as well as the sad side of our peasant life.

Aksakoff wrote a large volume on Russian shooting, and his observations and remarks on bird life were a precious contribution to science and literature. Many are acquainted with Tolstoy's description in "Anna Karénin" of the classical Russian shooting with retrievers, which in England is now a thing of the past. In reading these pages one feels the freshness of the morning, watches the first search of the dog, hears the characteristic sound of the blackcock's flight—that noble representative of the flying game.

The methods of hunting and shooting in Russia are so numerous and different that in this short article I can only speak of the most typical ones. The first to be mentioned is the capercaillie shoot, which takes place in the spring as soon as the snow begins to thaw and the first patches of bare earth appear under it. The huntsman sets out over-night and directs his steps to some thicket or overgrown bog. The minutes drag in this lonely, dark spot, but at last the first sound reaches his ears, a strange, uncanny sound, unlike any other—it is the king of the game birds beginning his song. The bird sings and cackles louder and louder, and is thus deafened by the sound of its own

voice. There are two more well known spring shoots—that of the snipe and wild duck. They are both practised at sunset. The snipe are very difficult to shoot and are found in the woods. The ducks are shot along the river banks where decoys have been placed on the water to attract them. For this shoot the gun must be far-reaching and the shot big so as to kill the duck on the spot, as otherwise the bird dives and disappears.

The shooting of marsh birds with pointers is very varied in Russia. During the autumn flights the number of woodcock and snipe is enormous, though, of course, as everyone knows, woodcock shooting is no easy matter. But perhaps the best of all is the double snipe shoot. The cleverest dogs for all these shoots are the red Irish setters. They have a wonderful scent, do not suffer from thirst, and can search the moss-covered peat bogs, which is very tiring for any other breed of dog, for hours.

Quail and grey partridge shooting is less interesting and much easier than any other. In the early autumn there are thousands of these birds gathered on the fields, where the last corn is a special attraction.

A quite unique shoot is that of the wood or hazel hen, which in Siberia and the North of Russia is very plentiful.



It is also very remunerative sport, the tender white flesh of this bird being highly appreciated in all the big European towns. The huntsman conceals himself behind a tree and attracts the birds by whistling on a special small bone instrument the sound of which imitates the call of the female bird. The wood-hen has a wonderful way of hiding among the branches of the trees, and one must therefore be both far-sighted and a good shot to succeed in getting a good bag.

None of the above mentioned birds can be bred in captivity, and the great free woods and bogs alone afford us this attractive sport. In recent years, however, pheasant and partridge shooting have been started by the shooting societies and private sportsmen on their estates. The result of breeding has been very successful, bags of 1,500 to 2,000 pheasants being frequent. These shoots are to be found in the Government of Petrograd, in Central Russia and in the Polish Governments. In the last the partridge shoots are supposed to be first class, whereas the two best pheasant shoots in Russia are probably those of L. F. Davidoff and V. P. Vsetolojsky.

The hare shoots and hunts which take place in autumn are of three different kinds—beats, shoots with hounds, or hunts with borzois; the last being, of course, the most interesting. The best time to get the hare is in winter, as its coat is then thicker and its fur more valuable. I must mention that if the hounds are tracking a hare and come on the scent of a fox, they leave the former to follow the fox.

The fox hunts take place in autumn and winter, in the first place with hounds and guns and in the second with borzois only. Foxes and wolves are also often shot in the following way: When the ground is covered with snow the beaters track down the animal to some chosen place which they surround with strings of small red flags. The fox, nervous and frightened, does not dare to cross the boundaries of the magic circle and runs round and round in the space which is cleverly being drawn in by the beaters. Wolves are easier to surround, but, on the other hand, they are more difficult to kill—they must be shot in the breast or head; otherwise, if slightly wounded, they always manage to get away.

## BIRD LIFE ON THE ARCTIC TUNDRAS

BY MAUD D. HAVILAND.



THE BREEDING PLACE OF THE CURLEW SANDPIPER.

*A typical scene on the tundra.*

**I**N a climate like that of our own the year marches with a regular measure to the solstice. As the seasons develop one flower is in seed while the next is still in bud, and this brood of nestlings is already hard of quill while that one has not yet cracked the eggshell. But when you travel north of latitude 65° N. all this is changed. The summer follows so fast upon the winter that the latter turns in combat, and between them the spring is telescoped into a week of fierce tumult. The snowdrifts run away in a hundred transient brooks; the permanent streams roar together in spate; buds break; birds go mating; and sun and snow chase each other from hour to hour. As I write I remember how I watched this pageant of the thaw on the tundras of North Siberia in 1914, and I remember, too, the great host of birds that came from the south to share in it.

An account of the bird life of the Siberian tundras has two claims for inclusion in an Anglo-Russian Supplement. First, the tundras form a part, although only an outpost, of the Russian Empire; and, secondly, the birds that visit them in the summer are identical or only sub-specifically separated from those on the British lists. Thus out of thirty-six

species that I observed on the Yenesei estuary in 1914, thirty-two occur more or less frequently round our coasts on migration, and of these twelve are regular breeding species here. The intercourse between the seats of the great Eastern and Western Empires of Europe, which it is to be hoped will prove to be some of the wholesome vintage that will flow from the present winepress of bitterness, has for long been typified by the relations of their several avifaunas.

The Siberian tundra lies between latitude 65° N. and the Arctic Ocean. It has neither high hills nor valleys, nor, indeed, any remarkable physical features of any kind, except a row of great rivers that flow from south to north—Petchora, Ob, Yenesei, Pyasina and Khatanga. For nine months of the year this tundra is frozen fast under 6ft. of snow. But in June the thaw comes, and all animal and vegetable life hastens to the work by which alone it can justify its existence—the providence of the generation which shall succeed it. The tundra becomes one huge nursery in those days.

The greater number of the birds which breed on those lonely lichen-grown wastes are waders, strong-winged things who spend most of the year in India, or China,



YOUNG CURLEW SANDPIPER.

*From a specimen.*

or Mesopotamia, or Atlantis, or they themselves know best where, but who fly north in May for some two or three thousand miles to rear their young ones in the same desert where their parents were reared. Perhaps the most notable in this company is the curlew sandpiper (*Erolia ferruginea*).

His special claim to interest is that, although he occurs annually in Britain, yet for many years his breeding haunt was an ornithological mystery. The naturalist Severtsoff even maintained that the bird bred on the tops of the Pamir Mountains. But in 1895 Mr. H. L. Popham found the first nest at the mouth of the Yenesei River, and since then it has been proved to breed to the eastward on the Taimyr Peninsula. The nest, built on the drier ridges of the tundra, is one of the most charming with which I am acquainted.



THE WILLOW GROUSE.

all are the phalaropes, red-necked and grey, which breed on the tundra whenever the ground is swampy. It is a never to be forgotten sight to see a flock of hen grey phalaropes (*Phalaropus fulicarius*) flying in the sunshine. It is not a rare sight on the tundra in June, for the hen phalarope, having

laid her eggs in the nest previously built by her mate, knows them no more, but goes off to disport herself with the rest of the females of her kind, while the cock bird incubates



A LITTLE STINT.

It is unusually small and deep, so that the four eggs, mottled like those of the snipe or purple sandpiper, seem to cuddle almost out of sight into the lichen. The bird with its little wild pipe, which is so in keeping with the desolate scenery, and its rufous nuptial plumage is as beautiful as the nest. The red colouring of so many of the Arctic birds is curious. We find it in the breeding plumages of the bar-tailed godwit, knot and sanderling, and in the young ruffs of the year. Brightest of



DOTTEREL ON THE NEST.

conscientiously and subsequently rears the young brood single-handed.

The dotterel lays her three handsome eggs on the higher parts of the tundras. She sits very closely, and only runs off when you have almost stepped upon her. Then she malingers piteously and casts herself down in an ecstasy of despair to lure you from her treasures; but no sooner have you passed on than she recovers at once and runs back to the nest immediately. The dotterel shares the higher tundras with the golden plover. This, the Asiatic golden

plover (*Charadrius d. fulvus*), is a species allied to our European golden plover, but it is a handsomer bird, and its alarm note is a double instead of a single whistle. This whistle is one of the most characteristic sounds of the tundras, for the birds are widely distributed, and as you enter their breeding grounds one pair after



THE ASIATIC GOLDEN PLOVER.  
*Charadrius d. fulvus*.



another challenges you, until the whole tundra for miles round rings with their plaintive voices. As Brehm says: "As the lark to the cornfield, so the golden plover belongs to the tundra. Gay as its dress may be, they are the colours of the tundra that it wears; its melancholy cry is the sound most in keeping with this dreary region." And as you pass from the plover's territory down some gradual willow-grown slope your heart leaps to your throat with a reminiscent thump, and you are transported in imagination from the tundra to the Yorkshire dales as a fine willow grouse springs up with a crow and b-r-r-r of wings from a baker's dozen of eggs at your feet.

The marshes are the haunt of the stints. The little stint breeds in every moss swamp, however small, but the Temminck's stint is more local, for it nests only near running water. In many places the tundra rivers spread into wide, shallow basins, with sandy banks covered with dwarf willows. These are the breeding places of Temminck's stint. The bird is wilder than *Erolia minuta*, and the nest is more difficult to find. The wind, which is never at rest, tosses the willow tops until the scrub shimmers as grey as a barley field; and as the wings of the stint are grey likewise, unless you keep a keen look-out you will never see her rise on the crest of a wave of rustling leaves and whirl away from her eggs to covert again.

The waterside is the haunt of ducks, which, except for an occasional pintail, are all of the long-tailed species. But what they lack in variety they make up in number of individuals. During the thaw their splendid clamour makes the marshes resound, and as you walk over the beaches by the light of the midnight sun you see the birds lying on the edge of the blue ice floes or diving in the still black water below. The nests are generally made under a tuft of bog grass, and the eggs make a tasty omelette—for those at least who like a fish flavouring to the dish!

The Siberian gull (*Larus fuscus antelius*) also breeds in small colonies in the marshes, generally on islets, whence it is difficult to obtain the eggs. This bird, like our own lesser black-backed gull, is a form of *Larus fuscus*, but it is larger and has a paler mantle.



A YOUNG LAPLAND BUNTING.



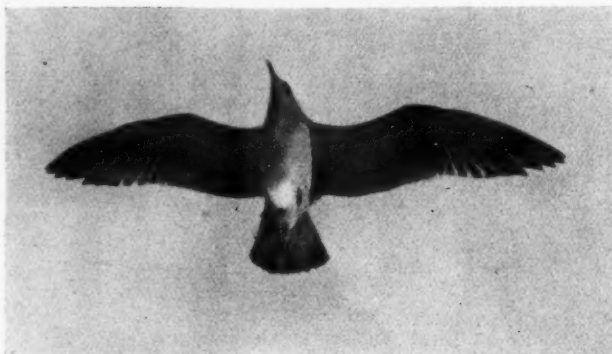
GREY PHALAROPE BROODING.



TEMMINCK'S STINT ON THE NEST.

Small passerine birds are scarce on the tundras, though the snow-bunting, Lapland bunting, red-throated pipit and white wagtail breed northwards to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Of these the Lapland bunting is much the most common, and in July, when the eggs are hatched, the air resounds with the anxious double call by which, as by the strokes of a tiny gong, he announces an invasion of his breeding grounds. When the broods are fledged the old and young birds separate, the parents to undergo the moult in the loneliest parts of the tundra, the young to scavenge round the settlements like sparrows, which, in the brown plumage of their immaturity, they resemble. There is no true autumn within the Arctic Circle. To-day it is high

summer and the beaches are thronged with birds; to-morrow it is winter. The blizzards sweep down from the



THE SIBERIAN GULL.  
*Larus fuscus antelius.*

Taimyr, and looking skywards you may see flocks of swans, ducks, gulls and waders all hurrying southwards from the coming frost, and bound for China, India and the Mediterranean basin. But they have accomplished the work for which they travelled so far. They came to the tundra in couples, but they return to the south in troops.

The air floats as they pass, fanned by unnumbered plumes.

And the bleak tundra behind them, silent under the first snowfall, enters into the nine months of gestation that await it before summer can return and its breast become a nursery again.

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE

BY MADAME NOVIKOFF.

[Our readers will like to know that Madame Novikoff, whom Disraeli referred to as "the M.P. for Russia in England," is about to publish a volume of her reminiscences. As she knew everybody worth knowing in Victorian England, these memoirs cannot fail to be interesting.—Ed.]

I SHOULD like to say a few words about our lamented Grand Duke Constantine. He was, of course, widely known and admired for his remarkable musical and literary talents, while his famous drama, "The King of the Jews," revealed, in addition, a powerful intellect combined with deep religious feeling. This greatest and last of the Imperial poet's works has been translated into several foreign languages; has everywhere produced a powerful impression; has awakened universal admiration; and has been enthusiastically praised by the Press of most European capitals. All this, however, is too well known to need repetition. Let me therefore turn to another and more personal point in the Grand Duke's character—the singularly attractive graciousness and sympathetic intuition that endeared him to all those who had the privilege of coming into intimate contact with him. Here indeed was a precious and priceless quality—the gift of unfailing tact and this exceptional intuition, the capacity always to say the right thing at the right moment, and to enter warmly and cordially into the thoughts and feelings of others.

I will quote an instance: I am deeply devoted to the memory of my two brothers, but, realising that this fact is of interest to no one but myself, I seldom speak of it. The Grand Duke, however, seemed to have read what was written in my innermost soul. I had the privilege of conversing with him at some length on only two occasions, but they were such as I shall indeed never forget. The first time he spoke of nothing but the Slav question and the death of my brother Nicholas, who had sacrificed his young life to that cause. The Grand Duke remembered all the details of my brother's untimely end in Serbia, at Zaychar, in 1876.

On the second occasion (alas! with what pain do I remember that day, for I was not destined ever to see the dear Grand Duke again) our conversation was dedicated to the memory of my brother Alexander, Old Catholicism and Slavophilism, to which my brother had devoted his whole life, and which preoccupied him even in his very last moments. I must add that I had edited two large volumes of my brother's works in Russian, but had hesitated to send them to the Grand Duke, contenting myself with forwarding him my Berne editions of my brother's French works, which, as far as I know, are unobtainable in Russia. With his usual amiability the Grand Duke had thanked me by letter—and now how indescribably kind and charming was the manner in which he upbraided me for not letting him have everything I had edited! . . .

There was another trait in the Grand Duke's character which, to me, had a peculiar charm; I mean his ever ready sympathy and interest in all matters where his influence or help might be of advantage. Naturally, it goes without saying that neither my brother nor myself ever appealed to his kind intervention unless we had thoroughly investigated the case in question. The Grand Duke was aware of this, and his help was always immediately forthcoming, without any needless delays or formalities and without a trace of the distressing red-tapeism that is so often responsible for a good deal of mischief.

I should like to mention, by the way, that one meets with just this same kindness and cordiality when one approaches our beloved Emperor. Provided one has no axe of his own to grind, but is absolutely unselfish, disinterested and free from all egotistical aims, as were both my brothers, no appeal to the Imperial sympathy is ever shelved or unavailing.

It is, of course, exceedingly difficult to reach His Majesty, as he is overwhelmed with work, and he would probably feel as if he were enjoying a holiday if this work only occupied him for eight hours a day—the time limit so ardently claimed by much less exalted people. Our famous Court of Appeal was instituted for the very purpose of rendering possible direct appeals to the Crown through the medium of dignitaries who are specially appointed by the Emperor himself, and whose honour is above reproach.

But let me return to my kindly Grand Duke. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote just two incidents that took place a few weeks before his death. There had been brought to my notice a wounded soldier, whose case was a particularly tragic one. His friends considered it most desirable to get him received in the hospital founded by the Dowager Grand Duchess Constantine, the beloved mother of the late Grand Duke. I wrote to His Imperial Highness on the subject, and in the course of the same day received a kind reply informing me that the matter was arranged and that the soldier would be taken to the hospital in a few hours' time.

The second incident concerned the publication of a book. In all cases where members of the Imperial Family are involved certain formalities have to be observed by our censors, failing which the book may have to be either entirely stopped or greatly altered. Anyone connected with literary work knows that such alterations are sometimes extremely costly and troublesome. A dear friend of mine, who had very little money to spare, had written a book that was threatened with difficulties of this description. I wrote to the Grand Duke explaining the facts, and here again everything was immediately and satisfactorily arranged. I could give countless other instances, but the above, which I have taken at random, are sufficiently characteristic.

I have, indeed, often had occasion to hear of the Grand Duke, and have always noticed with the deepest pleasure that he awakened everywhere, even among people who knew him but slightly, feelings of sincere affection and devotion. The fascination exercised by his personality was unfailing. His literary gifts appealed to poets, his musical talent to musicians, but to me his most charming and touching quality was that deep, indescribable sympathy. Such sympathy, such intuition, is a great living force. Yes; God sometimes sends into the world exceptional personalities who can never be replaced, and whose very memory radiates like a warm, shining light wherever their footsteps had passed. One of those, unquestionably, was our beloved and never to be forgotten Grand Duke Constantine.



## COSSACK CRADLE SONG

BY M. LERMONTOFF.

*Translated by Madame Vitali.*

Sleep, my baby fair and tender,  
 Sleep, dear angel mine.  
 Hush—the moon's sweet rays of silver  
 On your cradle shine.

I will murmur ancient legends,  
 Softly I will sing.  
 Hush, my baby, close your eyelids,  
 Dreams to you I'll bring.

I can hear the far off river  
 Roll its angry waves ;  
 In the darkness gleams a dagger  
 Where the foeman raves.

But your father is a warrior,  
 And the foe he'll meet.  
 Sleep, my son, and fear no danger,  
 Sleep, my baby sweet.

I shall think of far off countries,  
 Where you needs must be.  
 Sleep, my baby, whilst no troubles  
 Yet have come to thee.

Of your saint a little image,  
 I will give you, dear.  
 Pray at night before that ikon,  
 And you'll have no fear.

When to fight you go out bravely,  
 Think of me, my son.  
 Sleep, my angel, calmly, sweetly,  
 Sleep, my little one.

You will come to learn what deadly  
 War is, by and by.  
 You will spring to saddle bravely,  
 And to battle fly.

I'll adorn that saddle brightly,  
 Trim it up with skill.  
 Hush, my angel, now sleep calmly,  
 Night is on the hill.

You will be a stalwart soldier,  
 And a Cossack brave.  
 I will see you off, my warrior,  
 And your hand you'll wave.

I shall pine in mortal anguish,  
 Wait and long for you.  
 Dreams of you all night I'll cherish,  
 Pray all day for you.

## THE ORIGIN AND OUTCOME OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE

BY E. SEMENOFF, MEMBER OF THE BERNE CONFERENCE.

THE logic of things and the march of the historic *processus* are stronger than any human combinations, however ingenious and powerful they may appear. The Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*, which first developed into an understanding and afterwards into an alliance, is one of the most remarkable manifestations of this truth become a commonplace. For many centuries millions of men firmly believed in the reality of the antagonism of interests between England and Russia in nearly every part of the globe; in Turkey and Persia, in Afghanistan, in China and Japan, without speaking of Europe.

And a succession of Governments and statesmen, who no doubt believed themselves to be very intelligent and clear-sighted, but who, in reality, were blind or at least myopic, sought by their politics to accentuate this antagonism by accumulating pretexts and causes for friction, enmity, hostility and often even hatred between the two peoples whose sentiments were generally regulated by the attitude and action of their respective Governments. Still, it is certainly neither the moment, nor is it the place in these hurried and compulsorily limited lines, to depict the history of the change which has come about in the relations of the two Empires—a change which will have most happy effects on the history of not only England and Russia, but on that of the whole of humanity; but it is possible even now to indicate the three principal factors which bore upon the birth of an event, justly considered before the world war of the utmost importance. These three factors were the German danger, the Anglo-French *Entente Cordiale*, and the appearance on the political scene of men who, understanding the needs of the historical moment, were able to realise the work that this moment imposed on them. One may change the order of these three factors, which I have only adopted for the needs of my argument, and may estimate differently the importance of their respective values, but these factors it was that led up to the Anglo-Russian *Entente*.

I lived in Paris for the last ten years of the nineteenth century and I followed with much attention the fruitful work of the circle formed around the Comte de Chaudordy and the Comtesse Jeanne de Montebello, whom one might consider the real French protagonists of the *Entente Cordiale*. The new generation perhaps is ignorant of even the names of those remarkable men and women who, on both sides of the Channel at the most unfavourable and difficult moment in Anglo-French history, were working as real apostles of a *rapprochement* between England and France, those "hereditary enemies" whose interests were till then considered hostile and opposed to the wisdom, good sense, and real patriotism of the precursors and collaborators of King Edward VII.

Among those pioneers two have entered into later history, and are known as workers from the very beginning, first for the *Entente Cordiale*, and afterwards for the Triple Alliance. They were a Frenchman, the late Comte de Chaudordy, and an Englishman, Lord Weardale, then Phillip Stanhope. These were the two remarkable men who prepared the ground then for the reconciliation of Great Britain and France, and afterwards for that of Great Britain and Russia. The frequent journeys and missions with which Phillip Stanhope was sent to France, and the Comte de Chaudordy to England, and the subsequent visits of Russian statesmen, were the first steps towards a closer understanding. Loved and esteemed, the one in France, the other in England, highly appreciated by responsible statesmen, such as Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Gladstone, Gambetta, Clemenceau, Flourens, Hannotaux, etc., they have always helped in a large measure to disperse mutual prejudices, and imputations, suspicions and mistrust, and so prepared for the *Entente Cordiale*. The day when by dint of successful experiments the two Governments found out that the questions of fisheries, of Africa, and, above all, of Egypt could be brought into the scope of negotiations instead of that of stupid quarrels, intrigues and underhand hostilities, a great relaxation made itself felt in the relations of the two Powers that lead the van of civilisation.

The moment that Great Britain and France made up their minds to negotiate and deliberate in all equity and justice on each point that appeared to divide them all tension between them disappeared, because those who are not animated by the

spirit of greed and domination end by understanding one another. France and Great Britain have proved that the spirit of hatred was foreign to both of them, and the *Entente Cordiale* came to crown the noble and honest efforts of the two Governments to establish a *régime* of justice and peace in international life.

Russia allied to France, and animated by the same spirit which had ruled at the conclusion of the *Entente Cordiale*, had naturally followed the example of her two future partners. The visit of Czar Nicholas to England and of King Edward to Russia, the frank and loyal explanations of statesmen of the two countries, the efforts for many years of courageous people such as Lord Weardale—always Lord Weardale—Madame Olga Novikoff, the present Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. S. Sazonoff, who, while still a very young secretary to the Embassy in London, recommended the Anglo-Russian Alliance—an attitude which at that time gained for him the reputation of a dangerous man—the *savant* Maxime Kovalevsky, specialist and apologist of civilisation and English culture, the group of the *Courier du Nord*, under the directorship of Professor Arabazhin, recommending an Anglo-Russian Alliance during the South African War—and so many others that I must pass over them—have each contributed a stone to the edifice of the Alliance between Russia and Great Britain. It is necessary to mention here what an important place in this movement in the direction of reciprocal understanding and appreciation between the two countries is occupied by Mackenzie Wallace's really historical book. It is unanimously recognised in Russian circles that this book has opened a new period of Russophile feeling in England. This growing movement ought decidedly to be made manifest in the Press. Apart from the creation of a literature devoted to Russia in England and to England in Russia, special Anglo-Russian publications appeared in both countries. Of these organs let us cite the two most serious—the Russian supplement of *The Times* and the *Russobritannic Times* belonging to M. Boris Souvorine, a convinced and indefatigable partisan of the Anglo-Russian Alliance.

The moral greatness of the Russian people, Russian culture, which the English have learned to understand through Russian literature and art, the progress—slow, sometimes interrupted, but always sure—which Russia is making towards a *régime* of law and liberty, have created an atmosphere favourable and sympathetic to the success of the above mentioned efforts of public men and Governments. History will show how the moral factors and the creation of the Imperial Duma have helped to dispel ancient English prejudices against Russia, and how certain doings of England, from the Dogger Bank incident to the visit of Admiral Beatty's squadron to Cronstadt and Petrograd in 1914, have accentuated Russian sympathies for England. In Russia it is understood that England no longer harbours hostile views against Russia, and England is convinced that Russia in no way seeks to trespass on her universally recognised rights and interests.

So it was that the *Triple Entente* came into existence and appeared on the scene of modern politics—a little sooner perhaps than one could have hoped for, thanks to the more and more definite opinion which had begun to formulate itself in all three of the countries concerned as to the growing danger of German imperialism and militarism. The military preparations of Germany begun on the morrow of the 1870-71 war and continued without intermission; the creation in 1872 of General Blucher's famous committee which organised the mobilisation of industry throughout Germany for the needs of the present war; the attempt of Bismarck to fall on France in 1875—an attempt stopped short by Queen Victoria and Emperor Alexander II; the mad course of military credits and budgets, ordinary and extraordinary, increasing year by year, and based, moreover, on various naval programmes, septennial and otherwise, of which the last was the famous half-milliard of 1914; the Casablanca and Agadir *coups*, the management of the Hague Conference, the intrigues in Asia, in Persia, the march on Baghdad, the underhand dealings in Turkey and the Balkans—all these have at last opened the eyes of the English, the Russians and the French, and have obliged them to tie still closer the cords of the *Triple Entente*. In this way, once already Germany has been punished by her own misdeeds; her intrigues,



her policy of greed and domination, her duplicity and her lies, have accelerated the formation of the *Triple Entente*. Her criminal and barbarous warfare of 1914 transformed that *entente* into an alliance, which, with its ultimate victory, will give the *coup de grace* to this *régime* of militarism, violence, deceit and falsehood of which the Germany of the Hohenzollern is made the protagonist now unmasked and already morally disqualified. And if the victory of the Allies, as we are firmly convinced, overcomes this barbarous *régime* by that of justice and right of which the Greys, the Briands, the Sazanoffs and the entire Press of the Allies speak, it will be thanks to the *Entente Cordiale* which gave birth first to the *Entente Anglo-Russe* and afterwards to the Alliance.

History will never forget either the greatest or the least of those who worked for this great beneficial result. She will not forget the names of Edward VII, of his perspicacious ministers and statesmen who saw at the time the value and significance of the Anglo-Russian *Entente*. And she will say, too, that at the psychological moment in the lives of the two Empires events placed in responsible positions men like Sir Edward Grey, Sir George Buchanan, Sazanoff and Count Benckendorf, who have

completed this work of salvation and civilisation—the Anglo-Russian Alliance. It will be the respective duty of the two countries after the war, and even before the end of the war, to strengthen the ties of the Anglo-Russian Alliance, both to ensure its future and to protect it from all repetition of hostile attempts on the part of Germany against Great Britain and Russia not only in the domain of politics and war, but, above all, in economic relations, industrial and commercial. Drawing the bonds of common economic interests closer will ensure the future of the Anglo-Russian Alliance, which by this means, on the base of the Anglo-Franco-Russian *Triple Entente*, may become the foundation of, and the guarantee for, the new civilisation which will dawn in Europe after the war.

The resources, the moral forces and the geographical position of the two Empires are complementary to each other. And the new reign of Right and Justice for which the Allies are fighting at the present hour cannot have better guardians than Great Britain and Russia, fortified and reinforced the one by the other.

Such is the work for to-day and to-morrow of the Anglo-Russian Alliance, which must develop and grow with time.

## RUSSIAN FOLKLORE AND RUSSIAN DANCING

BY N. PEACOCK.

THE Russian ballet, which comes at once to our recollection when we speak of Russian dancing, has been somewhat unkindly spoken of as neither Russian nor a ballet. It is in truth an exotic, which has nothing Russian about it except its boldness of conception, its perfect execution, and the lavish expenditure essential to its existence. Nor is the ordinary ball dancing of Russia in any sense peculiarly national, though it is as good as can be found anywhere in the world, since the best dances and dancers are Polish. It is when we come down to the peasant that we meet with dances which are now distinctively national, of a kind hardly to be met with elsewhere.

Somehow or other, the growth of national prosperity which began in Western Europe more or less about the time of the discovery of America seems to have killed the old singing-dance in every country in Europe as it spread. In the old times when rich and poor alike had enough leisure to amuse themselves, the singing-dance was universal in France and Britain at every change of season in the year. The carol, the round and the ballad are all dances accompanied by words, though the words have now killed the dance like ivy the tree which supports it. The Russian dances, which spring from the same causes and have the same general character as those which have been banished from our shores centuries ago, bear the imprint of their nationality deep within them. The change of the seasons, the new birth of spring, the sudden uprush of rich vegetation, the long summer days when the sun brightens all life, the ingathering of harvest and the sudden descent of winter—all of these, the main events of the year to the peasant, are more marked in Russia than in any other European country. Nature there is omnipotent, irresistible, and the peasant resignedly bends under its wrath or

rejoices in its bounty. In his highest pleasure there is always present the knowledge of his powerlessness to strive against fate. Russian dancing is very unlike anything we know in this country. Even the morris dances, which are now being revived, are very sophisticated performances by the side of a Russian folk dance. There is nothing of the capering and horse-play which characterised the morris dance of Tudor times, nor of the unrestrained intermixture of the sexes in their revived form. The comparatively few who have seen Glinka's "A Life for the Czar," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow-Maiden," or Stravinsky's "Petroushka" have seen a somewhat idealised transcription of them, and the Polovtsian dances in "Prince Igor" represent only the comparatively small number of dances in which the young men of the village show their agility to an admiring audience. The burden of Russian peasant dancing falls on the women, and more particularly on the elder girls; only rarely do the young men join with them. Dancing indoors is unknown, not to say impossible. Each season of the year has its own appropriate dance regulated by some obscure folk calendar, felt rather than thought about. But this is only another way of saying that the dance is the natural expression of the emotion caused by song in the Russian mind. You will hear in a Russian village one girl in a group strike up some melancholy song, the others taking it up one by one; and suddenly, without any conscious premeditation, they will group themselves into two lines facing each other, beating time with their heels to the music, and then, turning

round in opposite directions, change their places and again beat time singing all the while in entire forgetfulness of everything some song like "The Wounded Soldier," full of tears and distress. In such a dance there is no gesture, no movement of the body, swaying or bending, the whole movement is reduced to its simplest element—motion marking the rhythm.



THE MOUJIKS' HOLIDAY FESTIVAL.

Peasant girls dancing "The Husbands' Dance" to the strains of the melodeon.

One of the best known of the peasant dances is the Khorovod, whose season begins in the first week after Easter at the festival of the Krasnaya Gorka. With the arrival of spring all is life in a Russian village, and after the long winter imprisonment everyone is eager to get out of doors. When the day's work is done the old people, seated chatting in front of their thatch-covered wooden huts, watch the younger ones wandering about, men and women usually in separate groups. Gradually the girls drift off to the open ground where the Khorovods are held, singing as they go some such song as this:

The beautiful maidens have come forth  
From within the gates, to wander out of doors.  
They have carried a nightingale with them,  
And I have set the nightingale upon the grass,  
On the grassy turf, on the blue flowers.  
The nightingale will break into song,  
And the lovely maidens will begin to dance;  
But the young wives will shed bitter tears.  
Play on, ye lovely maidens,  
While you still are at liberty in a father's home,  
While you still lead a life of ease in the home of a mother.

When they get to the open ground they form a circle and begin to sing, while one among them takes the lead in the dance. If it is a great occasion the Khorovodnitsa, as she is called, holds in her hand a round loaf and a red egg, each an emblem of the spring sun. Sometimes the young men

is the "trepak." In this, as in all other Russian dances, the foot is not raised from the ground but moved along it, and in beating time the heel only is used. One form of this dance is said to have the virtue of keeping off the Roussalkas, mischievous but not unkindly water-spirits who may, however, lead you astray in the forest and drown you in some green-covered pool. But the Khorovod has its dangers also, perhaps as legendary as the Roussalkas, for here and there stone circles may still be seen, the petrified remains of young women who danced it so demonstratively on a certain Whit-Sunday that they were forthwith turned into stone. Perhaps the lesson has been learned, for nothing more graceful and less demonstrative can be imagined than the movement of a young Russian peasant woman in any of these dances.

It would be long to go over the whole of the seasonal dances, as they may be called. There is, for example, the "Sowing of the Millet," which is not unlike our children's game of "Here We Come Gathering Nuts in May," or the September dance of the "Beer Brewing." Here the song opens with

On the hill have we brewed beer,  
and goes on to say  
That beer will make us all bend the knee in dance,  
finishing up with the prophecy:

Now on account of that beer shall we all take to quarrelling.  
The movements in this dance are a little pronounced, and self-respecting peasant women refuse to dance it.

There are, of course, a number of dances not directly inspired by the seasons, such as the Kamarinskaya and the Golouverts (dance of doves), which may be seen anywhere over Great Russia on a feast day. The cuckoo dance is almost like a figure in a cotillon. A girl sits on a chair with her eyes bandaged, while the rest of the party dance round in a ring. At each round a man leaves the circle and comes up to take her by the hand, singing

Queen Cuckoo—cuckoo, cuckoo,  
to which she answers

I am thine, brother, cuckoo, cuckoo.  
When all the young men have had their turn she leaves her seat and chooses three of them as partners for the dance to follow, and for the rest of the evening they are called her brothers and she is their sister. The story goes that a sister once grieved so bitterly for the loss of her three brothers in battle that she left her father's house to wander in the forest and was there turned into a cuckoo.

Another old dance, almost like our Old English country dance, is called the Pleten

(the wattled fence). Men and women form up in two lines, holding each other with crossed arms, while the leaders sing the fence song:

Be twined together, O fence,  
Be twined together . . .

the rest of the dancers joining in the chorus. When the chorus is finished the leading couple join hands and form an arch, the other couples passing under it singing the chorus:

Untwine, O fence, untwine,  
Uncoil O golden pipe,  
Unfold, O rustling damask . . .

Perhaps, on the whole, the Russian dance with which English spectators are most familiar is the Cossack dance, the Kazachok. It is an amazing *tour de force*; the men who dance it seem to be all but seated on the ground, yet never lose their balance. It is a wild dance and, like all wild dances, restricted to men, but those who have seen it in "Prince Igor" or "Petroushka" have seen it at its best.



NORTH RUSSIAN PEASANTS DANCING ON A FEAST DAY.

*The man is 74 years of age.*

of the village are invited to join in performing the Khorovod. There is a special song for this, which ends with

How shall we maidens form our Khorovod?  
How shall we fair ones begin new carols?

Sometimes two different Khorovods join together, and you can hear them sing

To Tsargorod  
Will I go, will I go,  
With my lance the wall,  
Will I pierce, will I pierce,

for the Russian longing for Constantinople has been deeply implanted in the peasant for many centuries.

It would be hard to describe all the forms of the Khorovod. In Little Russia the season for it is between Easter and Trinity. Both young men and women join in the circle, and a couple dance in the centre while the others sing and beat time with their heels. The girl in the centre is usually dressed in a green sarafan and embroidered apron, while her partner has a red or orange coloured shirt and the ordinary linen trousers. A favourite dance for the leaders



# COUNTRY LIFE IN THE POETRY OF THREE LAUREATES

BY SIR HERBERT WARREN, PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN.

And country life I praise  
And lead because I find  
The philosophic mind  
Can take no middle ways;  
She will not leave her love  
To mix with men, her art  
Is all to strive above  
The crowd or stand apart.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

From the "Invitation to the Country."

THESE lines, light and graceful as they are, drawn from one of the most charming and central of his earlier and "shorter" poems, are among the most characteristic utterances of the present Laureate.

The poem, and this passage especially, seems to offer a kind of "apology" for his preferring, as many know he did, now a good many years ago, to leave London and live in the country.

In language like that of the famous "peasant of genius," who became the great poet of Rome, whom he loves and knows so well, he tells how highly he thought of the search for Science, and how blest that search is to those who have the gift for success in it.

But if Heaven's gift to her son be for Poesy, not for Science, then for such a one he hints the country is the true home.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Bridges chose well and naturally, though perhaps it was not only on the ground given above.

England has become largely a nation of towns. Yet her truest and most poetic life seems to be still that of the country. Shakespeare's life in Elizabethan England, of which we have heard so much of late, was lived in both. Milton's youth was Elizabethan, and spent largely in the country, but during his middle and old age the Muses migrated to the city streets and stayed there, with an occasional jaunt into the suburbs or the country, for a hundred and fifty years. Will's and Button's Clubs gave the rule, rather than Charlton Park or Bilton Grange.

It was Wordsworth, as all know, who brought them back, to find love in

huts where poor men lie,  
and their daily teachers in

woods and rills  
The silence that is in the starry sky.  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

And England has now enjoyed in three Laureates, beginning with Wordsworth, whose lives overlap and form a continuous sequence, the poetry of the country and of Nature for more than a hundred years.

Love of Nature, it is true, is not quite the same as love of the country. It is something both more and less. Wordsworth was pre-eminently a poet of Nature. He was her worshipper, her votary. He found in her a philosophy and a religion.

Some of his very finest and sublimest utterances deal with Nature under these large, grand aspects. The magnificent Tintern Abbey lines are the consummate expression of this:

I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing often-times  
The still sad music of humanity.

And, again:

Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
And what perceive.

They are the solemn declaration of a creed which he came, about the time he wrote them, to follow in everyday life. But whether it was the bent of his mind or the times in which he lived, or the character of the scenery amid which he moved, he dealt in a few great selected effects, rather than exhaustively.

For these he had a splendid eye and hand. Who can forget his stanzas on the Simplon Pass:

The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls

and the rest of that transcendent depiction?

Already in his earliest poems, especially in the "Evening Walk," composed when he was about eighteen, he had begun to paint country sights and scenes and sounds, the note of the bittern, and the owl,

The song of mountain streams unheard by day  
while:

Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,  
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,

the swan giving her little ones by turns rides on her back, the "green unmolested light" of the glow-worms on their "mossy bed," and a score of other touches made, with his eye on the object.

Now, with the aid of the sister of whom he wrote:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,

he set himself deliberately and as a profession, to note, and to note down the phenomena of Nature. His observations are not very systematic or numerous, but sometimes they are fairly minute, and he takes great pleasure in them. He did not know, it would seem, many flowers. The lesser celandine, for example, he treated as a discovery, and made much of it.

Sometimes, however, they are very striking and original. From his boyhood he had a good deal of the hunter in his composition. One of his most vivid pictures is that of the hare:

On the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist that glittering in the sun  
Runs with her all the way wherever she doth run.

But such touches are not frequent. The skylark, the nightingale, the cuckoo, the robin, to all these he gave special poems; but he did not apparently distinguish between the stock-dove and the ring-dove, and his list of birds is not long. He is a great lover of Nature, but not a great naturalist.

In such passages as the lines about the cuckoo's voice,

Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the furthest Hebrides,

or the comparison of the nightingale and the stock-dove, or the picture of the daffodils which everybody knows, but which cannot be quoted too often:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

It is not that he describes the thing so specially well, but that he was himself so passionately impressed by it, and can communicate his passion to others.

The picture of Lucy Gray starting on her ill-fated errand:

Not blither is the mountain roe  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow  
That rises up like smoke.

It is not written as he would fain profess, in the language which any ordinary rustic witness would use, but it is pure poetry.

These inspirations, we knew not where to go for them before. Everything no doubt is in Shakespeare, and Gray has occasional touches like the famous lines intended for, but not included in, the Elegy:

There scattered oft the earliest of the year  
By hands unseen are Showers of v'lets found,  
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there  
And little Footsteps lightly print the ground.

Wordsworth, again, loved country folk—the shepherd, the wagoner, the reaper, the country schoolmaster and pastor, the gipsy and the beggar. But it is rather in the dignity that he gave to the whole subject of country life and in the splendid intensity of a few of his great pieces than in their completeness that the genius of Wordsworth is shown. When he was really roused his powers of description and suggestion of producing the impression cannot be altered.

Tennyson, who succeeded Wordsworth, was most generous to him, both as an observer and an artist. When Palgrave once spoke of the strange resemblance which the work of Nature sometimes shows to that of Art, Tennyson on the moment quoted Wordsworth's sonnet, "Mark the concentrated hazels," etc., and added: "He seems to have been always before one in observation of Nature." But, of course, this is not so. The number and variety of

Tennyson's observations of Nature is a byword. Botanist, ornithologist, zoologist, geologist, astronomer, he was all these. But, above all, it is in him that the country life of England appeared. Walt Whitman called him "feudal." He seemed so, partly because he had so much the view of life of the English countryside.

George Meredith said "no poet had ever adorned his pages with so many perfect vignettes." How many of them are from the English landscape!

The best known are almost too well known:

And o'er an English home gray twilight poured  
On dewy pastures dewy trees  
Softer than sleep all things in order stored  
A haunt of perfect peace.

Thank God it is still true as ever.

The whole gamut of life in the depths of the true green English country, he knew it all. The life and language of the shepherd, the miller, the farmer, the huntsman, the innkeeper, the country parson and doctor, the squire, the county magnate, the village beauty, the *grande dame* of the great house, he knew them all. He noted every tree and plant, the ash with its black buds "in the front of March," the larch with its crimson tassels; every beast, bird and insect, the "sea blue bird of March," the "garnet-headed gaffingale," the ptarmigan too early whitening, the grayling hanging in the stream, the shrieking flittermouse, the dragon-fly breaking its husk, the night moths "with woolly capes and beaded eyes"; the different scenery of different parts of his loved land; the high wold and "enormous marsh" with its "wide-winged sunsets" of his own Lincolnshire; his other homes, the "milky steep" of Freshwater, the view from Aldworth:

Green Sussex fading into blue  
And one gray glimpse of sea

or from Shiplake:

Thames along the silent level  
Streaming thro' his osier'd aits

or, again:

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,

and:

The friths that branch and spread  
Their sleeping silver through the hills

or yet, again:

The thundering shores of Bude and Bos.

It is not possible in a short article to give specimens of all his skill. One or two taken from the less known or later poems may have most interest. Such is the description of the poppy in "The Lover's Tale":

Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy stem whose flower,  
Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,  
Like to the wild youth of an evil prince  
Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself  
Above the naked poisons of his heart  
In his old age.

This gift of delicate observation and exact description he had it all his life.

The life of Nature and the country, if he saw it with a poet's eye, he seemed at times almost to see it with that of a gamekeeper too. Could Jefferies himself beat this, the concluding passage of that strange idyll of the English country, "Aylmer's Field"?

Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,  
And the broad woodland parcelled into farms;  
And where the two contrived their daughter's good,  
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,  
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,  
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,  
The slow-worm creeps and the thin weasel there  
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

After all this, what was left for a new-comer? "Much every way." Abundantly much Nature still reserves for any new artist who comes to her with a really fresh eye, with a head and heart of his own.

Mr. Bridges, the present Laureate, certainly has found no lack. In his gallery also the difficulty is to select. He, too, has possessed this rare gift of seeing and painting, and has used it all through a full life. The poem which stands first now in his collected "shorter" pieces, "Clear and Gentle Stream," shows it. It was one of his earliest. So does the rare little piece on the sea poppy:

A poppy grows upon the shore,  
Bursts her twin cup in summer late:  
Her leaves are glaucous-green and pour  
Her petals yellow delicate.

So more richly does that beautiful ode, "There is a hill beside the silver Thames," a picture perfect in hues, in grouping, in light and shade, and as a whole. He, too, has his etching of the windmill and the miller, of the shepherd

and the woodman, of inland downs and downs by the sea, his record of the music of the linnet, the nightingale and the robin. Three pieces which form a sort of sequence of the months of February, April, May, will give some glimpse of his variety and fidelity.

#### LAST WEEK OF FEBRUARY.

Hark to the merry birds, hark how they sing!  
Although 'tis not yet spring  
And keen the air:  
Hale winter, half resigning ere he go,  
Doth to his heiress shew  
His kingdom fair.

In patient russet is his forest spread,  
All bright with bramble red,  
With beechen moss  
And holly sheen: the oak silver and stark  
Sunneth his aged bark  
And wrinkled boss.

But neath the ruin of the withered brake  
Primroses now awake  
From nursing shades:  
The crumpled carpet of the dry leaves brown  
Avails not to keep down  
The hyacinth blades.

The hazel hath put forth his tassels ruffed;  
The willow's flossy tuft  
Hath slipped him free:  
The rose amid her ransacked orange hips  
Braggeth the tender tips  
Of bowers to be.

A black rook stirs the branches here and there,  
Foraging to repair  
His broken home:  
And hark, on the ash boughs! Never thrush did sing  
Louder in praise of spring,  
When spring is come.

#### APRIL.

Wanton with long delay the gay spring leaping cometh;  
The blackthorn starreth now his bough on the eve of May:  
All day in the sweet box-tree the bee for pleasure hummeth:  
The cuckoo sends afloat his note on the air all day.

Now dewy nights again and rain in gentle shower  
At root of tree and flower have quenched the winter's drouth.  
On high the hot sun smiles, and banks of cloud uptower  
In bulging heads that crowd for miles the dazzling south.

#### MAY.

Spring goeth all in white,  
Crowned with milk-white may:  
In fleecy flocks of light  
O'er heaven the white clouds stray:

White butterflies in the air;  
White daisies prank the ground:  
The cherry and hoary pear  
Scatter their snow around.

But the chief point is that it is the same country, the same England all these "Three poets in their different epochs-born" love and describe. Take, to conclude, a more complete picture by Mr. Bridges of English landscape:

Far down across the valley deep  
The town is hid in smoky sleep,  
At moonless nightfall wakening slow  
Upon the dark with lurid glow:

Beyond, afar the widening view  
Merges into the soften'd blue,  
Cornfield and forest, hill and stream,  
Fair England in her pastoral dream.

To one who looketh from this hill  
Life seems asleep, all is so still:  
Nought passeth save the travelling shade  
Of clouds on high that float and fade:

Nor since this landscape saw the sun  
Might other motion o'er it run,  
Till to man's scheming heart it came  
To make a steed of steel and flame.

Him may you mark in every vale  
Moving beneath his fleecy trail,  
And tell whene'er the motions die,  
Where every town and hamlet lie.

He gives the distance life to-day,  
Rushing upon his level'd way  
From man's abode to man's abode,  
And mocks the Romans' vaunted road.

It is the same country, and they all love it with the same love.



"Fair England in her pastoral dream." All three are her patriot poets—the same England, though now not only the "steed of steel and flame" may rush over it, but man's

cunning dragon-flies may sail whirring and gnarring across it. It is the same country, the same life, only dearer than ever, bought with how brave a price!

## SOURCES OF RUSSIAN OPERA & BALLET

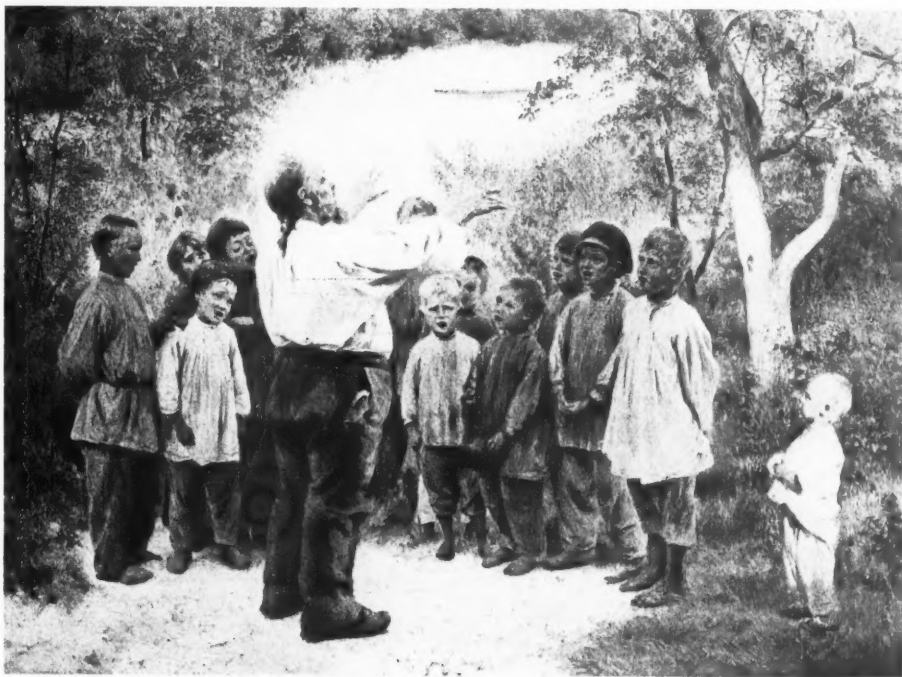
By ROSA NEWMARCH.

THE theme of this article is the closing sentence of my book, "The Russian Opera": "Persecution could not kill it (native opera), nor patronage spoil it; because it is one with the soul of the people." It was not, however, until the close of the eighteenth century that opera in Russia showed the least tendency to reflect the life and the musical language of the masses. A rich store of folk-music had been accumulating in the country long before this period, but no one thought of turning this artistic material to account. Although Czar Alexis Mikhailovich (1645-1676) and his Court sat the clock round while certain morality plays with incidental music were enacted in the Royal presence, nothing approaching to the *divertissements* and ballets such as Lulli wrote, with the co-operation of Molière, for the delectation of *Le Grand Monarque* was known in Russia in the seventeenth century. When, during the reigns of the Empresses Anne, Elisabeth and Catherine II, Italian opera became the fashionable entertainment, usurping a foremost place in the social life of the upper classes—just as it did in England about the same period—Russians had no cause to complain that it ousted a nobler school of native music, such as we could boast in this land in the days of Charles II. Apart from what may have been imported into the country by the pastor and organist of the Lutheran Church in Moscow, who were the first stage managers to Czar Alexis, Russian music in the seventeenth century consisted of two clearly defined and often hostile elements: the Church music and the folk music. The popular art was anathema to the ecclesiastics and despised by superior people. Catherine the Great gave some faint encouragement to nationalism in music—she did not object to a popular melody on the stage—but neither Moscow nor Petrograd could show a dramatic genius at all comparable to our Purcell until the nineteenth century produced Michael Glinka. Even Fomin's "Miller," a comic opera with interpolated folk-songs, which ran for twenty-seven consecutive nights in 1787—an unprecedented success for a native work—is quite unworthy to stand beside "The Beggar's Opera," in which Gay and Pepusch collaborated in 1728, or, indeed, beside any of the more spirited of Dibdin's ballad-operas. In the operatic art Russia was then more than a century behind Western Europe.

Yet exquisite flowers of melody were to be had for the culling all over the vast Empire. The *Kalietki-Perekojie* (itinerant Psalm-singers) when they met on the road to and from some hallowed shrine sang the beautiful modal "Greeting" preserved in Rimsky Korsakov's collection of folk tunes; long before Dargomizsky heard it on his nurse's lap Russian children were hushed to sleep by the old lullaby which tells how "the horned Nanny-goat" comes to naughty "cry-babies"; the workers "down by Mother Volga" probably chanted the same grave and poignant melody that is now becoming popular in this country as "The Song of the Haulers"; and during the long winter evenings Russian tune-singers of prodigious memory sang the long-winded epics—slowest of all the folk music to lose its hold on the people—which tell of the exploits of Volga and Mikoula, of Dobrynya the Dragon-Killer, and Solovei Boudomirovich.

Peter the Great tried to foster a taste for the stage by *ukaz*, and issued a kind of "will-you-walk-into-my-theatre-said-the-spider-to-the-fly" invitation to the Muscovites bidding them attend performances of "Sophonisba" or "Scipio Africanus" "quite freely, having nothing to fear"—nothing perhaps but boredom, which must have been as fearsome as the despot's anger, judging from all accounts. While the Kremlin gates were being kept open till unprecedentedly late hours to induce a suburban audience to visit the theatre, Peter's people in the depths of the country had their own forms of entertainment, which must have had far more vitality. They sang of the sowing of the millet seed in spring, of the harvesting of the bright berry crop in autumn, and illustrated their songs with appropriate dances and gestures; while, in winter, whole families, with their neighbours, grouped themselves round the stove and listened entranced to granny's tales of the remote past.

The country gentlefolk did not wholly ignore the musical and dramatic genius of the folk. As the wandering minstrels and mummers of the earlier centuries who had been welcome guests at the festivities of the mediæval boyards gradually



THE CHOIR.

degenerated into something like the "rogues and vagabonds" of our Elizabethan age, and were driven into the wildest outlying districts by the clerical ban, life in rural Russia must have become dreary and monotonous beyond imagination. The "quality" often had cause to be grateful to the peasantry when, after their work, or on one of the countless Russian holidays, they danced and sang before the porch of "the great house" and were given refreshments in return for their entertainment. Here and there a sensitive musical spirit among the audience must surely have realised all the beauty and psychological interest of some particular melody; all the vigorous grace and spontaneity of some special dance. But although a song was occasionally carried away and sung in fashionable drawing-rooms in the capitals, it was invariably forced into a wholly unsuitable and ruthless system of musical measurement and was left with no more vitality than a butterfly spreadeagled under a glass case or a dried botanical specimen. No one, as yet, thought of writing down the songs exactly as they were sung and storing these treasures for future generations, still less of extracting from the melodies and rhythmic forms of the

folk songs an essential musical idiom which by its inherent fragrance all the world would one day recognise as Russian. But when the gentry went back to town the memory of the folk music, its pathos and sincerity, lingered with them; they were glad to recognise the echo of it even in the artificial creations of an Alabiev or a Cavos.

Early in the nineteenth century Michael Glinka, born in country surroundings and by good fortune left there long enough to make the folk music and folk lore an imperishable memory, was destined at last to speak to Russians in their own musical tongue. He it was who invented a phraseology which was at once spontaneous and cultured, national and individual. When he replied contemptuously to the "precious" critics who condemned his use of popular tunes in "A Life for the Czar" that probably the servants who sang them were better than their masters, Glinka was enunciating a truth which has since been actually vindicated, namely, that the characteristic beauty of Russian music has arisen and worked its way upwards from the plebeian to the patrician classes. Glinka discovered in all directions the extraordinary wealth of material, creative and executive, in Russia which lay at the disposal of the fine arts. In 1838, while on a mission to the south-west provinces in search of voices for the service of the Imperial Chapel, he wrote to Count Koukolnik

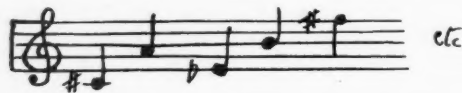
restraint than to induce *abandon*, and with the Russians it is not so much a question of conquering the self-consciousness which would be hindrance in our own case, for example, as of encouraging the degree of self-consciousness without which perfect art is unrealisable. When, however, we witness the dancing of "the crowd," in such a national scene, for example, as the Carnival in the Admiralty Square at Petrograd, in Stravinsky's ballet "Petrushka," we become aware of the native spirit moving behind the most studied make-up and skilled choreography. In the dance between the *Izvestchiks* (cab drivers) and the nurses for instance, tradition and hereditary transmission play a great part; no amount of training would realise such naively joyous results. Here, in this by-play, we have the *bonhomie* of the people itself expressed in dancing. The perfection of the Russian male dancing, which is quite free from effeminacy, lends a kind of democratic and realistic atmosphere to the ballet, making it a better balanced and more human art. In the same way the extraordinarily natural and vigorous participation of the chorus of both sexes in the opera places "the folk" in the front rank of the *dramatis personæ*.

In Russian opera the folk spirit lies incontestably at the base of its life. It is not merely the subjects; historical, as in the case of Glinka's "A Life for the Czar," Moussorgsky's "Boris" and "Khovantchina"; legendary, as in "Russlan and Lioudmilla," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow-Maiden" and "Sadko," but the rhythmic forms, and the scales in which the melodies are written—the whole tissue of the musical materials—which are derived from the folk element. Racial intuition counts for all that is best in Russian opera. It is useless for the cosmopolitan critic to try to convince us that a composer who is of another nationality can produce music which counterfeits the racial characteristics of another people so perfectly as to make nationality a void and foolish thing. It has never



A WEDDING IN LITTLE RUSSIA.

that he had selected fifteen men, every one of whom was endowed with such a fine ear that, although quite deficient in musical education, he could sing any interval in perfect tune, such, for example, as



Undoubtedly the same natural aptitude for dancing existed among a people as ready to express themselves in motion as in music. In olden times this art must have been a part of their pagan rites. A Slavonic manuscript Gospel, dating from the fourteenth century, preserved in the Imperial Academy of Sciences, contains a series of capital letters which represent a sacrificial procession, and the movements of the figures have something in common with the grotesque dancers in the Russian fairy operas and ballads. It is, however, far more difficult to trace the origins of the Russian ballet in the people's dances than the origins of opera in their anonymous music.

The link between the folk dances of Great and Little Russia, the wild *trepaks* and *gopaks*, the choral games and *khorovery*, and the highly sophisticated solo dancing of a Karsavina or a Nijinsky seems completely broken. At the utmost it only exists by virtue of the fact that a race so accustomed to use their whole bodies freely in the rhythmic expression of their emotions have less to learn when it comes to the discipline of artistic training. It is easier to impose

been done. A pair of boots cut out of leather made in England, and on a Russian pattern, may look well enough in the shop window to deceive the passer-by; but feel their texture and put them under your nose, and you will realise that the material was never tanned in Kazan. The pliability, the subtle aroma, are lacking.

Glinka in "A Life for the Czar" treats his themes in the characteristic modes which lie at the root of the folk songs. The rare beauty of the *Slavica*, or hymn of praise to the Czar, lies in the use of the mixolydian mode and its austere and appropriate harmonisation. There is an interesting instance of the employment of the hypodorian mode in the chorus of peasants setting out to work in the forest. The method of singing the folk songs is now well understood. A leader, or precentor, starts the tune—the cantus firmus (*zapievokya*)—while the other singers join in with more or less free imitations of the theme (*podgolossy*). Glinka had the folk formula in his mind when he wrote the Overture to "A Life for the Czar" in this characteristic contrapuntal style.

Glinka, Dargomijsky and Borodin also exploited another source of popular melody which exists in the eastern and southern districts of the Russian Empire—the music of the Oriental races of the Caucasus and the littoral of the Caspian Sea. In his opera "Russlan and Lioudmilla" Glinka uses Tartar, Arab and Persian themes—mostly dance tunes which were collected by the famous marine painter, Aivazovsky. Here the question of national psychology confronts us again. In spite of the exotic charm of such things as Ratmir's nocturne, with its plaintive accompaniment for *cor-anglais*



—a number which has been likened to an arioso by an Oriental Handel; in spite of the mesmeric "Persian Chorus" for female voices, ingeniously accompanied in variation-form, we do not feel that Glinka is stepping out freely on firm land as we do when we hear the "Slavsia" and the quartet "God love the Czar" from "A Life for the Czar." Only Borodin in the tense and ruthless music of the Polovstian Dances in "Prince Igor," and Dargomijsky in one or two songs, notably the "Eastern Song" to Poushkin's words, succeed in enveloping us in a wholly illusive atmosphere that precludes every reminiscence of the West. We are glad that the limits of Russian music should be as spacious as those of the Empire itself, but we are not deceived when Russian composers borrow a Persian tune, any more than when British or German composers play with a Slavonic folk melody; although the Russian have closer affinities to the East than the nations of Western Europe.

With the death of Rimsky-Korsakov in 1908 Russia lost the last direct representative of Glinka's exclusively national school. Since then the most remarkable musical work of Russia has taken other forms and tendencies. The question is being posed: Can the folk element yield any further suggestive material to the creative artist? Often we find it answered in the negative. This is strange, seeing that the passion for the primitive warms and strengthens all that

is best in contemporary architecture and painting. The instinct for the elemental and the archaic is strong in Roerikh, Steltsky, Bakst and other modern painters and sculptors. The spirit of old Russia holds them in thrall. Therefore, in spite of the fact that Scriabin, Medtner, Roslavets and Prokofiev developed, and are developing, in quite other directions, it would be rash to assume that the musical art which is the product of such myriad souls and such countless generations is now dried up or petrified. Here and there the diviner's rod still leads to the discovery of a spring which is fresh and delightful. Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" is unmistakably from the popular source. Even Tchaikovsky, though he practically ceased to carry his pitcher to the well twenty years before most of his contemporaries, believed that it would be profitable "for long years to come," that "much time and much strength would be needed to exhaust its wealth of inspiration." Much strength! Therein lies the kernel of the whole matter. When a really strong man, a Moses among musicians, reappears upon the scene in Russia, he will strike the rock which is the reservoir of the popular genius, and the congregation will drink once more of the living waters that produced "A Life for the Czar," "Boris Godounov," "Prince Igor," "Ivan the Terrible" (Pskovityanka), "Snigourochka" and "Petrouchka."

## A NEW POET

*Songs of a Day*, by Isabel Butchart. (COUNTRY LIFE.)

CRITICS will find it very difficult to classify Miss Butchart. Her little book consists of about sixty pieces of polished imaginative verse informed by a very marked personality. They follow no model that I can trace. The author has not played "the sedulous ape" to any of her predecessors. In one mood we think of her as one of her own "frail minstrels of the moors and fells"; in another her welling tenderness is like that of an intricate Mother, and anon she is a Voice from

"—space and rest and wide simplicities."

It is impossible to analyse anything so fine as these *Songs of a Day*; one can only point out one or two of their leading characteristics, and they are not of a kind to appeal to those who expect excitement and *furor* to accompany the advent of a new poet. Poetry of this kind may not inaptly be likened to the songs murmured by the poplar trees in the verse, to little currents of air stirring the trees at the top but unfelt either by the beautiful flowers or the useful wheatfields below.

"Far above the flowers a-swoon,  
And far above the silent sheaves,  
From pallid dawn to languid moon,  
The poplar trees are whispering low  
To little secret winds that blow  
Among their murmuring leaves.  
The poplar trees are singing throughout the sultry hours—  
Songs the cherished garden flowers  
Will never, never know;  
Songs the blessed harvest field will never, never know—  
Are singing to the little winds that flutter to and fro."

The lines illustrate Miss Butchart's pictorial gift, though not quite so well as some of the other pieces. A better example is to be found in "A field of green oats." Here as with a sweep of the artist's brush is one of the prettiest sights of Nature. Richard Jefferies would have been proud to have got the same effect in prose:

"From near and far the sound is borne,  
That only quickened sense may hear,  
It sighs upon the listening ear—  
The thin, sweet music of the corn,  
Faint as imagined melodies.  
The wind, made visible to-day,  
Sweeps where those silver shadows play  
O'er grey-green foam of living seas.  
My heart swings out upon the tide  
That flows from gate to far hedge-side,  
And, slipping to its rest, it floats  
In dim green waves of swaying oats."

Of many other examples that could be cited we select two. One is but four lines of simple verse, yet the picture is as fine as the impressionistic sketches with which La Thangue won so many admirers in the freshness of his early career.

"The watching lamps along the coasts  
Shine wanly on the foam,  
And silently, like tired ghosts,  
The fishing fleet comes home."

The other is one of doves seen from a railway carriage:

"Against the trees they drift like snow,  
Rise dark against the sky,  
In white confusion flutter low,  
Vanish like dreams . . . And I?  
My train sweeps past  
To cities vast,  
Where all white dreams must die."

In the exquisite "Bluebells" mortal pain is eased by the vision of perfect beauty which the flowers call up, perfect beauty in this case meaning Peace and Rest.

"Ring out, O bluebells in the grass,  
Your faint carillon, wild and free,  
Though she who loves you best—alas!—  
Has wakened to Eternity.

Ring out, O bells, above her grave  
(A fluttering sheet of living blue),  
Lest even in her bliss she crave  
One flower of old among the new.

Ring out, ring out your music rare,  
Frail minstrels of the moors and fells,  
Until its echoes reach her where  
She listens 'mid the asphodels."

Artist and poet, Miss Butchart carries about her a sense of life's sadness and solemnity that seems inherited from the primitive times. Her voice, tender and womanlike always, has caught the accent of Job and the great ones of antiquity, as in her "Dirge," which might have been "heard at a solemn music."

"Strew red flowers along the way  
Where he passes whose day is done."

The most original of the poems is "Little Dear." It is an expression of undying regret conveyed without gloom or wild grief, rather with that tender recognition of trifles which we associate with Herrick. The words might have come from the soul of a wistful child. Little need is there to describe the pure poetry of the third and last stanza.

"Little Dear is dead.  
She was not very old—  
And not very good if the truth be told.  
But the world is grey as when flowers a-bloom  
Are carried out of a dreary room.

Little Dear is dead.  
She was not very wise,  
So the gossips say  
With their heavy sighs.  
And they never knew, nor will understand,  
That all the wisdom of faery-land  
Died with her yesterday.

Little Dear is dead.  
What knew she of death  
When she passed as a breath  
On the window-pane,  
Scarce seen ere it goes?—  
Or the first wild rose  
When the winds sweep by;  
Or a white butterfly  
That, floating past, never comes again."

Such poems tempt one to quote far more than to comment. After reading them dozens of times, they can be read again with increased pleasure. They are full of the atmosphere of to-day; we do not mean the obvious atmosphere produced by the war. It she never mentions. She feels it too acutely to be able to turn it into verse for the breakfast-room. But here is the voice of twentieth century culture at its highest. The voice is of Woman, not the feminist woman, but the Woman of all time, with her generosity, worries, solitudes, cares and graces, sweet and wise and true. Those snatches of verse convey the charm of an exquisite personality.

# LEO TOLSTOY & HIS SIGNIFICANCE

BY PROFESSOR K. ARABAZHIN.

## I.

LIKE all men of genius, Tolstoy belongs to all mankind; but he has grown out of the depths of the Russian people, and embodies both all its greatness and all its weaknesses. Great men do not drop from heaven, but reach up to heaven from earth. Mountains do not rise out of marshes. The powerful oak whose branches overshadow the whole of the globe is deeply rooted in its native soil.

The essential feature of Tolstoy's character is his longing for truth and righteousness, and this is characteristic of the Russian people throughout their history. Their national epic poetry—the best expression of the soul of a people—bears witness to their reverence for the moral foundations of life. It is in this, perhaps, that the difference between the psychology of the Russian people and that of many other nations consists. The favourite hero of the Greeks is the crafty, treacherous, cruel and resourceful Odysseus. Heroes of the Nieblungs in the German epic are covered with blood; they are full of hatred, of thirst for vengeance. The favourite Russian hero—the mighty warrior, a peasant's son, Ilya Muromets—in the words of the legend "not even against a Tartar bears any ill-will," though the Tartars have done in their day much harm to the Russian people. The hero of Russian folk lore, Ivanushka the Fool, is far from being stupid. He is a dreamer, an idealist; he listens in the fields "how the grass grows" as he gazes at the starry heaven. He has none of the greed and self-seeking of his elder brothers, their parents' favourite children, practical and selfish men, determined to get on in the world. And the fairy tale, composed in the poor huts of half-starving peasants, rewards the fool with all the good things of life. In the fairy tale, at any rate in the world of his dreams, the Russian peasant sides with the idealist, "the fool" who has grasped, in reality, the true wisdom of life.

No less characteristic of the Russian soul are the following historical facts. Having accepted Christianity from Byzantium, Russians received from these the Holy Writ and Christian literature. But of the many Church writers, Russians came to love those only whose main theme was Christian love and righteousness, such as St. Basil the Great and St. John Chrysostom. They took hardly any interest in the dogmatic and eschatological questions. In public libraries and private hands there have been preserved ten times as many books on moral subjects as on any other. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the problems of righteous living were the main interest of the famous Elders beyond the Volga and of the righteous man of the Russian land, Nil Sorsky, a direct forerunner and teacher of Tolstoy in his attitude towards the Church and the State. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Loeinian teaching, that had a strictly evangelical tendency, gained some ground in Russia. The eighteenth century gave Russia a remarkable thinker and mystic, Skovoroda, whose moral theories had a considerable influence. In the nineteenth century there was a great wave of sectarianism, characterised by the same seeking for a higher morality. From the sectarian teachers, Sutaev and Bondyrev, Tolstoy, according to his own testimony, accepted his doctrine of non-resistance to evil.

Problems of conscience, of truth and love find a place in Russian artistic literature also. Tolstoy's work is the culminating point of that school of literature which is associated with the names of Pushkin, Gogol, Turgeniev, Gontcharov. At the same time Tolstoy is the best representative of the most independent and cultured section of our landed gentry. He is undoubtedly the central figure in the life of the Russian people.

## II.

It is erroneously thought by many, both in Russia and abroad, that Tolstoy the Artist and Tolstoy the Thinker are two different men. The period at which Tolstoy's "Confession"

(1881) was written, however, meant no break in his general view of life. At that time the essential and fundamental characteristics of Tolstoy's personality simply found a stronger and clearer expression than before. In my work on Tolstoy I hope to make it abundantly clear that Tolstoy the Artist and Tolstoy the Thinker, the boy and the grey-headed old man, are of one piece, expressions of one and the same powerful personality.

Just as in Russian folk-lore the heroes give proof of their strength while still in their babyhood, so Tolstoy was essentially himself in his infancy. He writes that he remembers "how cramped he felt in the swaddling clothes; he wanted freedom but was unable to get free; he knew (!) that there was no need for it, but kept laughing with a laugh that was repulsive to himself, and they (his parents) failed to understand him." There is an epic, symbolical beauty about these reminiscences. Tolstoy's whole life was a heroic attempt to get free from swaddling clothes, from the fetters of social, political, class and religious prejudices; and he always thought that he *knew* what freedom meant and where it was to be found. Many fetters—though not by any means all of them—he succeeded in shaking off, but he did not *know* everything as he thought and was often mistaken.

As can be seen from Tolstoy's "Childhood and Youth" and his other early stories, "the awkward, shy and plain"

boy Tolstoy arrived, at the age of twelve, at the idea of striving for moral perfection. At the same time the fundamental characteristic of his whole personality asserted itself—the craving, namely, to pass from *thought* to *action*, to give expression to abstract morality. Even at that early age Tolstoy thought, together with his friend, whom in the story he calls Nchudov, that if men would only understand what evil means and *want* to reform themselves, everything would arrange itself in the best possible way.

While Tolstoy was at the University of Kazan the three lines of reflection characteristic of his life and theory assumed definite shape. He writes in his diary that of all the things he had read up to the age of eighteen the following made most impression upon him: the Beatitudes in the Gospel, the works of J. J. Rousseau, and the stories of Turgeniev and Grigorovitch dealing with peasant life. Evangelism, anarchism and a feeling for the land and the peasants are the fundamental features both of Tolstoy's artistic work and of his theories. The essence of his religion is very clearly defined in a passage in his diary, dated March 5th, 1862: "Talking about death has suggested to me a tremendous idea, to which I want to devote my whole life—to create a new religion, a religion of Christ which would not contradict science and be free from miracles, a religion of the good which would make a paradise on earth." This remark, written in his youth, contains the substance of his religious teaching.

Marriage and literature drew him away from the "tremendous idea," to which he did not return till the eighties. But before that period his theories found expression in other ways and in a different form. For instance, he opened on his estate Yasnaya Poliana an interesting school for peasant children on purely anarchistic principles. It was noted for the entire absence of discipline, order, compulsion, for free play being given to children's initiative, thought, feeling and imagination. The teacher did not guide the children, but followed the zigzags of child thought.

In the two great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenin," the three lines of thought indicated above can also be detected. Tolstoy rejects the State and the so-called "order" ridiculing it in the remarkably subtle and vivid scene of the murder of Vereshtchagin. He despises bureaucracy even in the person of so great a statesman as the famous Speransky. He denies the significance of the human will, ascribing all things



THREE RUSSIAN HEROES.

In the middle is Ilya Muromets, the old Cossack.



to the power of Providence—hence his contemptuous attitude to Napoleon and his admiration for the peasant Karataev. The latter is an idealised figure, and idealised in a very one-sided way. Karataev is meek and guileless; he is submissive to fate and does not repine at misfortune, detecting in all things the hand of God; he does not resist evil, and is always content and joyful. "War and Peace" gives a clear and vivid picture of the old-fashioned landowning class somewhat critical of Petersburg and bureaucracy—of that new power which drove away from the throne the best part of the gentry valuing most its dignity and independence. A gentleman of this type recognised no one but his own class and the peasant: "The gentleman does his part—he serves the State, the peasant works; to regulate their mutual relations no special laws, no European 'rights of man' are necessary. The official does nothing but harm, or, at best, is useless." In "Anna Karenin" the same gentry are depicted after the liberation of the serfs when all landowners have come to realise the evils of serfdom. To many other new phenomena of the social life of Russia, Tolstoy could not, however, be reconciled. He was in entire sympathy with the free peasant, but he completely ignored both the "intelligentsia"—the class of educated and professional people—the merchant class and the bureaucracy. As before, right living was to be found in tilling the land with the help of the peasants and in improving relations with them. Levin in "Anna Karenin" no doubt stands for Tolstoy himself ("Lev"—Russian for Leo—"Levin"). In the person of Levin, Tolstoy depicts the sufferings of his own conscience, unable as yet to solve the contradictions between social order, the Commandments of the Gospel and the Orthodox Church.

## III.

The best representative of the Russian gentry, a great artist and a noble man, stirred to profound indignation by the wrongs of life, was led in the end to frame a doctrine which brought peace to his conscience. This doctrine is extremely characteristic of Tolstoy's personality and, to a certain extent, of the whole Russian culture.

Having created a strong State, the Russian people, during their constant struggle to maintain its power, had to sacrifice many blessings of culture and of freedom; wars necessitated the existence of a strong central authority, of an autocratic will. But they dreamed, at any rate, of a life in keeping with the truth of the Gospel, and both in their dreams and in practical life were ready to break with the stern *régime* of the State and to form anarchical communities. The limitless plains of Russia made it easy for those who were cramped by the restrictions of the State to seek freedom in the expanse of the great rivers beyond the Volga, in Siberia, beyond the Caspian, where the State had, as yet, but little power. Instead of working with obstinate perseverance at creating new and better conditions of civilised life within the narrow limits of the State as it existed at the time, Russians sought to flee from civilisation altogether. To put a stop to this it was found necessary in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to fix the peasants to the land and bind them to the landed gentry. Tolstoy's flight from civilisation has its historical explanation in the fact that the political life of Russia is imperfectly organised, and that it is still possible to escape from the *régime* of the State to the wilds. This national instinct was combined in Tolstoy's case with the peculiarities of his strong, passionate nature, uncompromising and heedless of obstacles.

It is at this point that the tragic element in Tolstoy's life begins to be apparent. His theory is very harmonious and consistent, but it is nothing other than an extreme form of anarchism.

"All or nothing" is the motto of Brandt, the fanatical pastor in Ibsen's play. He wants to lead the poor fishermen of a small village away from the seashore where they caught herrings and to take them to the mountains, to a new church amid the snows, resplendent with the brilliance of glaciers. Brandt will have no compromise. When his mother bequeaths only nine-tenths of her property for charity and saves one-tenth for a rainy day, he refuses to come and say good-bye to the dying woman and to give her his last blessing. Brandt perishes and the poor fishermen return to their herrings cursing him and his wild fancies. Extreme theories can lead to no other end. According to them there must be no compromise, no evolution, no gradual approach to the ideal. All or nothing! Live up to your ideals at once or die for the absolute truth. Followers of these extreme theories do not understand that ideals are like stars on a dark night, they indicate the right way but remain unattainable. Now Tolstoy is essentially an extremist.

God is, in his view, the principle of absolute love and of good. He is of the essence of the world and of human nature, and is the embodiment of the good. The least deviation from the good, from God, plunges man into the outer darkness. Evil is inadmissible even for a single moment; it defiles the bright image of the Deity. The path to the good is through the good, without reservation, compromise or hesitation. Since love is the principle of the world, do not cause evil either to animals or even to insects. Do not resist evil by evil. If in your eyes a Bashi-Bazouk is about to outrage an innocent girl, do not dare

to use violence against him or direct a deadly weapon upon the evil doer. If the State compels the individual to evil and causes him to do violence, to kill, forsake the State, go on strike against it, a peaceable but a decisive strike, until the State ceases to exist. "Give the State no soldiers, no ministers, no judges, do not pay it any taxes, whether direct or indirect, have nothing to do with the State," says Tolstoy.

An unconditional fulfilment of the good and of love leads to complete self-renunciation and even death. One can understand it in the martyrs of old who believed in the eternal heavenly life beyond the grave and scorned the temporary sojourn in this world of sin. But Tolstoy is a Rationalist; he wants heaven here on earth. His conception of the immortality of the soul is ambiguous—it is rather immortality in the race that he believes in. We find here a tragic *impasse* in Tolstoy's thought. A series of inconsistencies agonising to the conscience inevitably arise for him. To renounce the State means to renounce all the blessings of culture—education, public safety, law and order, railways, telegraph, post, factories. Tolstoy insists upon this, but makes exception for agriculture: good machines are necessary for the peasants. He forgets that good machines cannot be made apart from culture with all the good and bad aspects of it. In his own life he was bound to be inconsistent at every step. In writing he had to use paper which is made in a factory; in publishing his works he was also making use of factories which exploit labour. There was no way out, for one cannot escape from civilisation. Uncompromising, extreme theories lead at every step to irreconcilable opposition, to fruitless and unnecessary suffering. Tolstoy saw this with horror. One of his last works, the play "The Light that Shines in Darkness"—which suffered a good deal from the censorship of his friend Mr. Tchertkov—shows that he was beginning to realise that his counsels lead to nothing but misery and do not change life. Could he have been mistaken? was the terrible question which Tolstoy asked himself more than once and to which he found no answer. "Lord, help my unbelief," he prayed.

Tolstoy's leaving his family solved nothing and proved nothing. This sad story of the last days of his life calls for a special study. He fled from his family, from his wife who had done so much for him (Countess S. A. Tolstoy copied out eight times the whole of "War and Peace," helping her husband in his work), and whom he loved until he drew his last breath. He left them; but why? For what destination? With what object? That he did not know. One of his heroes (all of whom represent Tolstoy himself), Father Sergius, forsakes the world in order to become a simple workman with a rich peasant in the far off Siberia. But a rich peasant is a mainstay of the State and of civilisation, and in serving him Father Sergius merely supports the State which he rejects.

## IV.

Tolstoy was a man of great conscience, painfully sensitive to sin. In the world of evil amid the horrors of malice and selfishness, the noble artist and moralist reminded mankind in a vivid form never to be forgotten of the great commandments of Christ. He did not indicate the path that leads to the good; but of the wrongs of life he spoke with such force, inspiration and truth, with such genuine suffering, that mankind looked back upon itself and shuddered at its own unworthiness. "One cannot go on living like this," was the message men heard in Tolstoy's preaching. The faith in the good is not lost—this was the consolation that Tolstoy's teaching has given us of this age of iron and of blood, of Nietzsche, Bismarck and Moltke.

It was a comfort and a joy to hear the forgotten words once more, to witness the great artist openly expressing his indignation against evil, hatred, religious and national intolerance, against violence and lying, against oppression and exploitation of one's neighbours. "I cannot remain silent" was the cry of his passionate soul—and he did not remain silent. This is his merit before humanity.

And he has given us another comfort—great artistic joy. He was writing till the end of his life, and his talent shines both in "Resurrection" and "The Power of Darkness," and in his later works, "Father Sergius" and "The Living Corpse." He never sinned against artistic and poetic truth for the sake of theory; this is his great merit and our good fortune.

Mr. Rozanov, a literary critic, tells of a young girl who exclaimed as she was reading "War and Peace": "What happiness it is to live when one can read such things as Tolstoy's books."

I am certain we are all ready to repeat these naïve words when reading Tolstoy. What a pure soul was his, what moral rectitude, artistic truth and beauty there is in his writings! Reading him makes one better. After the Gospels no book had a nobler, more elevating and stirring influence upon the world than the books of Tolstoy. Artistic and moral beauty are harmoniously combined in them. In Tolstoy's novels there is something akin to the English novels of the old type. There is a Puritanical element in them. No doubt it is due indirectly to the moral influence of English literature upon the Russian. This fact is one of the causes of Tolstoy's popularity in England, and it justifies us in looking with confidence to the strengthening of the moral bond between the two great nations.

# THE WAR OF THE MUSHROOMS

A RUSSIAN FOLK-TALE.

*Freely Translated by C. Hagberg Wright.*



Long ago in wood and glen,  
 Borovik\* the mushroom King,  
 Sitting under birchen shade,  
 Calls his men to join and bring  
 Aid and succour free and full;  
 Loud he summons them around  
 "Come and join the battle throng,  
 Mushrooms, list the bugle sound."

\* The birch mushroom.



" Rise ye Horses dawn is here,  
Forest glades you don't o'errun,  
Rise ye Horses dawn is nigh,  
Join our band and seize your gun."  
" No ! " replied the mushroom Horse.  
" We are men of noble line ;  
Martial songs let others sing,  
War and battle we decline."

" Rise ye Fairy Rings, arise !  
Leave your soft and mossy way,  
Draw the sword and take the field,  
Rise, ye Rings, 'tis break of day."  
" No ! " replied the Fairy Rings,  
" We're a poor and simple race.  
Would you have unwilling men ?  
Sullen foes we cannot face."

" Rise ye Killers poisonous,  
Leave your dark and gloomy wood,  
Rise ye Killers, dawn is here  
Up and fight for what is good."  
" No ! " replied the Killers then,  
" Village poachers that's our name ;  
War and battle we decline  
There are others keen for fame."

" Rise ye Wrinklers brown and sere,  
Join our ranks, and come along,  
Rise ye Wrinklers, dawn is nigh  
Hasten out to right the wrong."  
But the Wrinklers answered, " No ! "  
" We are worn and aged men,  
War and battle we decline  
Leave us here to wield the pen."

" Rise ye golden Cantharelle,  
Weatherbeaten and forlorn,  
Rise anon, 'tis break of day,  
Hear you not the bugle horn ? "  
" No ! " replied the Cantharelle,  
" We are rich and opulent,  
War and battle we decline,  
Martial men are heaven sent."

" Rise and spread ye Parasol,  
Mushrooms rise and greet the sun !  
See the battle rages strong,  
Up and Fight, till day is done."  
" No ! " replied the Parasol,  
" Scan my thin and slender feet,  
War and battle we decline  
Heroes they who death can meet."

" Rise ye Puff Balls ; bear the brunt,  
Rise my boys, 'tis break of day,  
Without you we cannot go,  
Hasten on to join the fray."  
Puff-Balls shout, nor tarry long,  
Guns they shoulder, Heaven invoke ;  
See the Puff-Balls aim and fire !  
Puff ! my story ends in smoke.

\* These mushrooms are called Fly Killers in Russia and are collected by the peasantry and put on a plate to poison flies.

# THE REDISTRIBUTION OF LAND IN RUSSIA: STOLYPIN'S LAND REFORM

By TH. DOUKHOVETZKY.

IN 1861, when our great reformer Alexander II liberated the serfs it was decreed that the lowest limit of an allotment to a former serf would be half a desiatina (about an acre and a half) of arable land with a house and farmyard in the village and as many head of cattle and horses as he happened to possess at the time. And this he got without any payment. This allotment was quite free. If the liberated serf preferred paying for his land the Government undertook to pay the lump sum to the landowner (pomestchik), the peasant refunding the Government's loan by instalments over thirty-seven years. In this case the allotment could not be less than two and a half or three desiatinas (seven and a half or nine acres), according to the quantity and quality of land in possession of the pomestchik. But—there is always a "but"—the allotted land did not become the private property of the peasant; he was not considered as the owner of his allotment. The new owner was the community (Mir) of the village. The land belonged to the community, which was responsible for the refunding of the Government's loan, and distributed the land between the peasants as equally as possible for a certain term of years, at the end of which time a new redistribution was always possible if two-thirds of the community called for it.

Thanks to the requirements of equity in the distribution of land between the individual peasants, each man got small plots of land of varying quality in different parts of the fields belonging to the village, sometimes miles away from his homestead and very difficult of access. This resulted in a gradual deterioration in the husbandry. The plots did not get enough manure, and the far lying plots did not get any at all; they were tilled hurriedly, and without care; the crops were not weeded nor guarded against the attacks of cattle, birds and insects; there was always a great difficulty in getting the harvest home, and no improvements were introduced into the superannuated system of the three fields culture. The third part of the land was always lying uncultivated and unproductive every year because it had to rest, only the other two thirds producing crops. As a matter of fact, improvements were impossible, the peasant not caring to spend money and labour on plots that in case of redistribution might be allotted to another man. As to the community as a whole, it was very difficult to get the consent of the two-thirds required by law to any land improvement or expenditure of money.

The years went on and the quality of arable land owned by the villages depreciated to such a degree that the village crops were always poorer by a half than the crops gathered from the neighbouring fields of private landowners. The peasants were also getting poorer every year, from the simple fact that the allotments which at the time of the liberation of the serfs were quite big enough to feed one man with his family became insufficient to feed the new generations and the increased families which had trebled in numbers.

Measures had to be taken to save the peasants from famine and Russian agriculture from utter depreciation and bankruptcy. The Government noticed the failure of the system as early as in 1880, nineteen years after the liberation of the serfs, and several measures were introduced. But, unfortunately, the chief evil was left unchallenged. The communal land-ownership continued to exist. The remedy introduced was the creation of a Governmental Peasants' Bank with the chief object of buying land from private landowners and selling it on easy terms to village communities. The Government considered that the only need was for more land, and devised measures to augment communal land-ownership. As an immediate result came an enormous rise in the price of land and, consequently, a great augmentation in the burden of the peasants' indebtedness to the Government. Agriculture continued to depreciate, the peasants' crops were as bad as ever, and the whole system went on rotting as before.

When in 1906 the new Russian Imperial Duma assembled for its first session, the question of the redistribution of land became at once the chief topic of the debates. Several private bills were introduced to remedy the evil, but all of them proved too radical to be accepted by the Government. They proposed a general redistribution of all private-owned arable land and land owned by the State and the Crown among the labourers on the soil. The difference between the bills consisted in different schemes of payment to the owners for the land expropriated, in the different sizes of individual allotments proposed by Parliamentary groups, and in different treatment of the question of so-called "model farms" that had to be left in existence, and in private or State ownership to further the progress of agriculture. The first Duma was dismissed, but when, in 1907, the second Duma came into existence the debates on the same question were resumed at once.

After the dismissal of the Second Duma the Government began to consider the question, and the late M. Stolypin, who was

Prime Minister at the time, introduced his very much discussed Land Reform Bill, which to a certain extent followed the same lines of redistribution of the land as were recommended by the members of the two consecutive Dumas. It was not so radical, of course. It did not propose the spoliation of all the landlords, but to a great extent it provided for the distribution of State and Crown lands to the peasantry. But the chief object of M. Stolypin's land reform was to break up the communal land ownership.

Under the land law of 1861 the communes could in certain cases divide their land among their members, who then became private landowners; but this, as nearly every other measure concerning the distribution and cultivation of land, was subjected to the decision of two-thirds of the community. Of course, this decision could never be secured. M. Stolypin's reform gave the right to every member of the community to call for an allotment to him of all the land to which he was entitled in one plot. He had to pay all his debts (if any) to the community, and the plot of land became his private property. The Government helped him to build a farmhouse on his plot, provided him with a well if there was no running water, connected the farms by roads, allowed the new owner special grants of money as loans on easy terms for improvements, for buying cattle and implements, and helped him generally in every manner possible.

The plots considered sufficient for a farmstead by M. Stolypin's reform could not measure less than from three to six desiatinas (from nine to eighteen acres) per worker or labourer in the family. The communities usually had not enough land to provide all their members with plots of such dimensions, so the Government came to their aid, selling them on easy terms neighbouring land acquired by the Peasants' Bank for this purpose, State and Crown lands situated in the neighbourhood, or, if there were none, in other sometimes very distant places—in the latter case helping the peasants to emigrate, and providing them with farms and all the indispensable implements.

An example will be opportune to illustrate and explain the working of M. Stolypin's land redistribution reform. I know of the existence of a village of 350 householders in one of the central provinces of Russia. The village community owned 1,200 desiatinas (3,600 acres) of land allotted to it in 1861, and another plot of 600 desiatinas (1,800 acres) acquired in 1888 with the help of the Peasants' Bank. The number of land-workers in the village amounted to 840. When M. Stolypin's land reform was introduced the householders, one after the other, began to call for allotments of private farm plots. According to the quality of land they were entitled to get 5 desiatinas (15 acres) per worker.

When about 300 workers were provided with plots that totalled 1,500 desiatinas (4,500 acres), there were 300 desiatinas (900 acres) only left for the rest of the community of 540 workers. Such a situation, of course, could not be allowed to exist; but in the neighbourhood there were no lands acquired by the Peasants' Bank and no free State or Crown lands. The only measure possible was emigration. The Government came to the aid of this village. The remainder of the land was distributed between 60 workers, and the rest, 480, emigrated to Siberia, the Government providing them with land, but in a greater measure than at home, 10 desiatinas (30 acres) per worker, providing them with farms, money for emigration expenses, cattle, implements and everything indispensable. The Government's expenses amounted to 100,000 roubles (£10,000), not counting the price of the land, which in this case, being uninhabited and undeveloped, was allotted free. The amount of indebtedness to the Government amounted to about 200 roubles (£20) per head, and the new farmers in Siberia began to repay the loan by instalments in 1913, a year precisely before the present war broke out.

As a net result of this operation, instead of a village of 350 householders in one of the Central Russian provinces, there are now in existence 220 farms dispersed along the fields that belonged to this village and 300 farms in a distant Siberian province where 4,800 desiatinas (14,400 acres) of formerly uncultivated land are now rendering splendid crops of the best wheat and oats.

Since M. Stolypin's reform was introduced about 12,000,000 desiatinas (36,000,000 acres) of land have been redistributed among the land-workers, and about 2,000,000 new farms have sprung into being in different parts of Russia. There was no expropriation of private owners' land, and no private owner was forced to sell his property. Instead of that about 2,000,000 new private landowners were created. Of course, a part of the State and Crown lands had to be devoted to this purpose, but the land reserve is big, and the scheme can go on for a long time still without exhausting it.



It would have gone on developing if the war had not stopped the whole operation. It will have to be resumed after the war, and the blow dealt by M. Stolypin to communal land ownership

seems to have shattered its existence for ever. Private peasant ownership is come to stay, and the days of the village community—the Mir—are numbered.

## CORRESPONDENCE

AN OLLA PODRIDA OF RUSSIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR—Seeing that you are about to publish a Russian number I am sending an *olla podrída* of Russian pictures from which it is possible you may be

able to take out one or two of interest for your correspondence columns.—I. M. McC.

[We are much obliged to our correspondent, and only wish we had space to reproduce more of these interesting photographs.—ED.]



"THE MILKMAN."

A milk seller in a town carrying her milk in earthen jars slung on a stick.



THE LAST MAIL OF ITS KIND IN RUSSIA.

Running between Gilemir and Kieff. It is drawn by three to thirteen horses according to the weather.



A COSSACK TEA PARTY.

The samovar often supplies thirty glasses of tea. Mugs are only used on special occasions.



A COUNTRY COACHMAN.

In his thick padded overcoat which will defy any weather.



WOMEN IN THE COSTUME OF LITTLE RUSSIA.

They always wear garlands of flowers on their heads.

## FLIES AT THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me space to amend two of the remarks made in Dr. Annie Porter's excellent article on this subject in your issue of October 7th. It is stated therein that mosquitoes can be prevented by pouring petrol or paraffin on to the surface of the water in which they breed. Petrol is of no use for this purpose. It was found, when measures were undertaken against fever-carrying gnats on the Suez Canal, that only thick oils were efficacious. Mosquito larvæ require to come up to the surface of the water in which they live and swim in order to breathe; if the water is covered with oil they suffocate. It is the mechanical action of any oil which does this, not the smell or chemical action—the flying insects take no notice of smells and it is even doubtful whether they possess olfactory organs. As petrol evaporates very rapidly and is of low density it was found useless. Any thick oil serves, such as linseed, cotton or salad oils. The best compound and the cheapest is a mixture of heavy crude petroleum (the consistency of treacle) with sufficient of any cheap light oil that will enable it to spread easily upon the water. One pint to every square yard of water surface should be applied once every week on every water collection that is likely to remain stagnant for periods of more than ten days wherever gnats exist. In this way the Panama Canal zone as well as the Suez Canal was rid of malaria. Dr. A. Porter also states that the inhabitants of malarious districts can prevent fever by taking quinine. This was tried on the Suez Canal for five years, and it failed. The only way to prevent malaria is by draining marshes, and by treating all stagnant water collections once a week regularly as described above. In England gnats (not midges) may be prevented similarly. But careful attention must be directed to water-butts, ponds, fountains, etc. These must be either oiled or drained and cleaned once a week unless they can be stocked with goldfish which devour mosquito larvæ.—E. HALFORD ROSS.

## OLD VILLAGE FIRE-HOOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter from A. R. Davies about "Fire Hooks" in your issue of the 7th inst. I think these are more common than he believes. There is one at Hampton Court, and I remember seeing one at an old farm in the neighbourhood of Bradford-on-Avon this summer. In France to-day you meet with them in numerous villages, especially in the northern districts, where thatch is the principal roof covering—great poles some 30ft. and 40ft. long, with hooks, frequently divided into two and shod with iron some 4ft. or 5ft. at the end to prevent the fire from charring the wood. These poles must have meant at least ten or fifteen men to handle them, as they are quite bare, with no rings or other attachments, and they were flung on the burning and smouldering thatch, which was then dragged off as Mr. Davies suggests. I should like to join issue with Mr. Davies as to these hooks being used for "rescuing furniture." I have never heard the suggestion before, and cannot understand how it was done. To begin with, the hook must first force its way through the thatched roof and between the rafters, as it would be very difficult to break the latter with the small amount of leverage to be obtained from the arrangement shown in the sketch, and then the hook at the end of the pole has to grope blindly about for furniture and catch hold of it and drag it out through the hole in the roof. What possible chance would there be of any piece of furniture except a chair being hauled up in this way? Before accepting this theory I think Mr. Davies should produce more practical reasons than those he brings forward.—E. GUY DAWBER.



A HALT ABOVE JERICO.

## RUSSIAN PILGRIMS IN PALESTINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would this photograph of Russian pilgrims at St. George's Monastery in the Wady Kelt (above Jericho) have special interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE just now? There are some splendid types of strong Russian faces. It was taken on a broiling spring day.—M. R.

## TIMBER HAULAGE IN LAKELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the various descriptions of timber felling, both by professionals and schoolboy amateurs, which have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, and thought that they in turn might like to see what is happening in the North. The enclosed photograph shows the clearance that is being made of a larch plantation, and the sturdy team of eight horses required to draw the logs along the soft bottoms to the high road gives some idea of the difficulties of transport.—WOODSMAN.



CARTING THE LOGS FROM A LAKELAND HILLSIDE.